THE LIVING AGE

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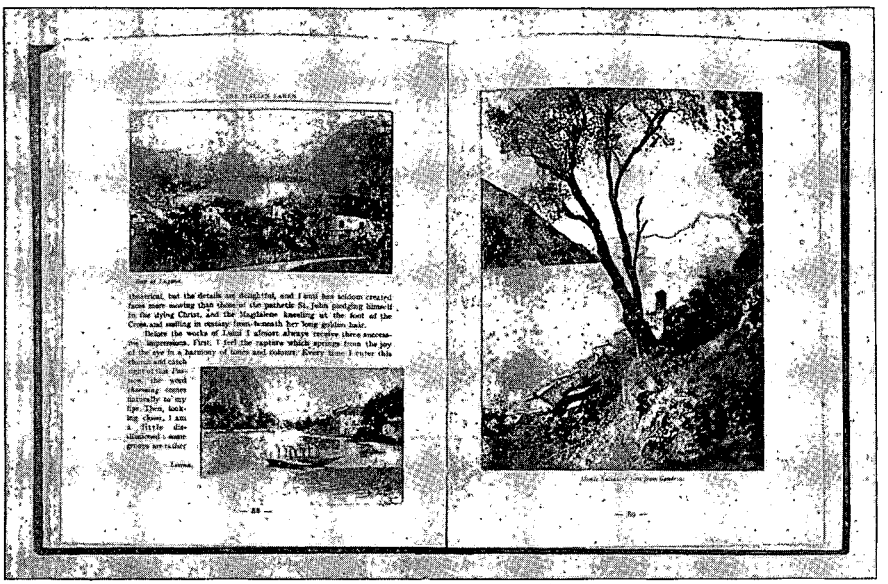

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This Week

German Junkerdom is shown in the first article at the crest of the highest wave it has reached since the war. Luciano Magrini was writing at the time when Ludendorff, von Tirpitz, Prince Rupprecht, and all the old favorites appeared to have the country in a grip of iron. The Republic looked like a house of cards and trouble with France seemed inevitable. But in the second article we see these old bogies stripped of their power in the Reichstag. Amid Communistic and Social Democratic jeers, the Railway Bill, on the defeat of which the reactionaries had bet their last Rentenmark, was adopted by a safe margin over the necessary two-thirds majority.

* * *

In its conquest of Europe and points east, the automobile has shifted gears into high speed. Raymond Recouly, who usually confines himself to political matters, has been touring in North Africa and allows his imagination to wander still further abroad.

* * *

Although he harbors some of the quaint notions of the European in regard to the United States, E. Gomez de Baquero sizes up our position in the world with a pretty sharp eye. There is little in his article that we do not know already, but there is much in it for the foreigner to learn. And it is always reassuring to find that one is not completely misunderstood abroad.

* * *

If this issue of the *Living Age* falls into the hands of Charles Gates Dawes, he will have to think of something even worse than 'Hell and Maria' to say when he finds that the learned Historicus has not mentioned him at all in connection with 'Pipes and Politics.' Louis-Philippe, Herriot, and Napoleon are all there, but not the genial General.

* * *

Albania, like so many other parts of the world, is not what it used to be. When Aubrey Herbert traveled there, in 1907, cigarettes were the coin of the realm as far as bribery was concerned and the administration of justice was in the hands of the Turks. The commonest amusement when the day's work was done consisted of quiet shooting parties between different villages.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *OCTOBER 11, 1924* — NO. 4188

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE GENEVA AMPHICTYONY

THE Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations, which gathered at Geneva last month, promises to prove the most notable session yet held. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* thus described the city on the eve of that gathering: —

Geneva is literally overcrowded with diplomats, accredited and discredited, with journalists, propagandists, pacifists, and cranks, and particularly Americans. The mystery is to know where they all sleep, as there is not a vacant room in any hotel or pension. The Secretariat of the League has been obliged to issue an order that during the Assembly the Secretariat building is not open to visitors at any time when the Council or the Assembly Committees are in session.

The *Spectator* heralded this meeting as 'The Last Chance for the League': —

It can hardly be doubted that the session . . . will settle, one way or the other, the fate of that great organization. If the League emerges no wider in constitution, no higher in authority, with no concrete task visibly undertaken, then the world's patience will be at an end, and all will be over. True, the framework of the League will persist, for no politician will wish to incur the odium of the pious by kicking over an institution impotent to interfere with his own schemes. But an end, inglorious and unnoticed, will come at last, as it came even to the long-lived Holy Roman Empire.

The sessions began with the delegates profoundly impressed by the significance of the deliberations that lay before them. A Geneva contributor to *L'Europe Nouvelle* reported: —

The five Assemblies that have met under the auspices of the League of Nations since 1920 may be characterized thus: the first was devoted to the internal organization of the League and the constitution of the International Court of Justice; the second dealt with the question of Upper Silesia; the third was devoted to a study of mutual assistance and disarmament; the fourth faced the Corfu crisis; and the fifth is the Assembly of security.

Robert Dell, writing in the *New Statesman* immediately after the Assembly got to work, heralded Ramsay MacDonald's sensational speech at the inauguration of the session as beginning a new era for the League: —

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This is my fourth Assembly. I was here during the first session in 1920, and have attended all the others except that of last year. Besides, I lived in Geneva for two years from November 1920, and thus saw the working of the League of Nations at close quarters. The result of this experience was a profound skepticism in regard to the League, and that in spite of the devoted and in many respects really valuable work of the staff of its Secretariat. At each successive Assembly one became more and more hopeless, as it became more and more evident that the League of Nations was an unreal reality. Child of the Treaty of Versailles — a treaty imposed and not negotiated — it was born with a congenital taint, and the older it grew the more the taint showed itself. It became more and more evident that the League was but an instrument of the nations victorious in the war masquerading as an international organization. At the first Assembly there were some signs of a genuine international spirit, but at each successive Assembly they became weaker and weaker. After the barren meeting of last year the only question seemed to be whether the League would continue to be merely useless or become positively mischievous.

Unless the hope that the first week of the present Assembly has given turns out to be illusory, there has been a change almost amounting to a revolution, and for the first time it is possible to believe that the League of Nations may become a real reality. The chief agent in effecting the change has been the English Prime Minister. His speech of last Thursday broke the windows and let in the fresh air. At previous Assemblies the aim of most speakers has been to say nothing, and the delegates have congratulated themselves every evening that all-important and, therefore, thorny questions had once more been evaded. The hard-shell diplomatists of whom the Assemblies have principally been composed have talked incessantly of peace and justice without believing in either and arrived at complete oratorical agreement by the simple process of ignoring differences (in public). Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's speech of last Thursday was a terribly undiplomatic speech and that was one of its chief merits. It was just the sort of speech that would have been expected in advance, by all the self-appointed apostles of the League of Nations, to smash up the League. In fact, it has consolidated the League. For the first time there is a chance of real agreement, especially between England and France, just because Mr. MacDonald did not shirk the differences.

It is too early, of course, to form an opinion of the final value of this year's work at Geneva. The opening sessions brought into relief unmistakable differences of opinion between the British and the French Premiers, whose presence and whose views completely dominated the proceedings. After a brief but sharp press-controversy between London and Paris, and an even briefer and apparently less acrimonious conference between the principals of the two countries, these differences were for the time being satisfactorily compromised. The *Manchester Guardian* summarized the difference in national policies voiced by the two Premiers as follows: —

Mr. MacDonald in his opening speech had laid down with great clearness the unqualified doctrine of moral force as the only weapon by which militarism could be fought and a sure foundation laid for peace. M. Herriot had replied with an assertion no less definite that behind pacific methods there must be ranged military power. Both accepted fully the principle of arbitration in international disputes, but they took quite different views as to the method of its application. It was something to have got as far as that, and very wisely both sides have been content to start their search for a solution from this common ground.

There is ample material for inquiry, and inquiry may carry them far. The procedure to be followed is not perfectly clear, but it would appear that the League, through its committees, is first of all to examine the whole of the facts which form the basis for discussion. The whole matter as thus clarified and set in order is then 'at the

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earliest possible moment' to be referred by the League of Nations to 'an international conference upon armaments.' That is a very important point. An international conference might include, and of course ought to include, representatives of America, Germany, and, if possible, Russia, as well as of the smaller Powers. That would be a much bigger thing than any conference within the confines of the League itself.

Like all compromises, the one adopted was not, despite optimistic professions to the contrary, altogether satisfactory to either party. The *Outlook* skeptically observed: —

What really happened at Geneva apart from the speech-making? Or did, in fact, anything happen at all except speech-making? It is more than a little doubtful. Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot made speeches which pleaded eloquently for peace, but which were nevertheless held to represent different points of view. Mediators then got to work and the Assembly passed a resolution intended to reconcile these divergences; to mix, so to speak, the sweet MacDonald gin with the Herriot bitters. The resolution instructs one of the League's Committees to find out what the Covenant really means and another to decide in what way the Covenant should be amended. Such procedure may have comic results if the two Committees do not walk in step and in any case seems inconsequential enough. What are we to make of it all?

This paper, which is one of the sharpest critics of the Labor Ministry among the British weeklies, then proceeds to take Mr. MacDonald under its wing as follows: —

Mr. MacDonald is very British and very conservative in his foreign policy. Being British he is prepared to take one step at a time provided he is satisfied that the step leads in the right direction. Being conservative he is satisfied with the methods of partial arbitration and limited disarmament favored by the older parties in this country. It is almost forgotten nowadays that a whole series of arbitration treaties, effective enough as far as they went, was concluded before the war. The first of these treaties was negotiated by Lord Lansdowne with France. Both countries agreed to arbitrate on matters not touching the national honor. The arrangement was approved by British opinion because it created the right atmosphere without attempting too much, and Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, felt able to carry matters a stage further.

On the other hand, Premier Herriot, being a Frenchman, sees things concretely and in more definite outline: —

His logical mind drives straight to the heart of the problem. A State cannot disarm, he argues, if it fears aggression; it cannot arbitrate unless it is convinced beforehand that its adversary will respect the arbitrators' award. Security is thus the only foundation of peace, and security must be sought along the line of definite international guaranties. This argument found expression in the proposed Pact of Mutual Assistance, which the French characteristically accepted because it was sound in principle, and the British Government as characteristically rejected because it involved indefinite commitments.

The compromise adopted was embodied in the following joint resolution: —

The Assembly, noting the declarations of the Governments represented, observes with satisfaction that they contain the basis of an understanding tending to establish a secure peace, and decides as follows: —

With a view to reconcile in the new proposals the divergencies between certain points of view which have been expressed and, when agreement has been reached, to enable an International Conference upon armaments to be summoned by the League of Nations at the earliest possible moment, —

(1) The Third Committee is requested to consider the material dealing with security and the reduction of armaments, particularly the observations of the Governments on the Draft Treaty of mutual assistance prepared in pursuance of Resolu-

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tion 14 of the Third Assembly and other plans prepared and presented to the Secretary-General since the publication of the Draft Treaty, and to examine the obligations contained in the Government of the League in relation to the guaranties of security that a resort to arbitration and a reduction of armaments may require;

(2) The First Committee is requested (*a*) to consider, in view of possible amendments, the articles in the Covenant relating to the settlement of disputes; (*b*) to examine within what limits the terms of Article 36, Paragraph 2, of the statute establishing the International Court might be rendered more precise and thereby facilitate the more general acceptance of the clause, and thus strengthen the solidarity and the security of the nations of the world by settling by pacific means all disputes which may arise between States.

As most American readers already know, a project has been submitted by a voluntary committee of Americans, on which General Bliss and Professor Shotwell of Columbia University occupy prominent positions, which promises to be the basis upon which the League's disarmament machinery and its substitute for war will rest.

The present League sessions in Geneva are likely to mark a historical stage in the development of that organization for another reason — the prospect that Germany will become a member, and a remoter foreshadowing of the ultimate admission of Soviet Russia.

It must not be assumed, however, that these agreements and compromises, or any others likely to be adopted within the predictable future, will save the League from the constant threat of peril along its uncharted course. For example, Japan's insistence upon bringing questions of racial discrimination under the jurisdiction of the League opens a perspective of an entirely new field of controversy. The European diplomat and publicist who wrote the article entitled 'The Conflict in the Pacific,' printed in the *Living Age* of August 30, contemplated this possibility: —

Racial equality was the great barrier at the Peace Conference — the greatest single obstacle in the way of realizing Wilson's ideal. The League of Nations was able to evade this thorny question only because the United States did not join its councils. Were the United States a member of the League, Japan would undoubtedly bring the immigration issue before that body. That is perhaps one of the reasons — and not the least — why the United States has kept out of the League. Immigration may be treated as a question of purely national jurisdiction, but none the less, were the issue once brought before the League of Nations, the world would find itself face to face with a redoubtable moral problem.

It should not be imagined that all — or that even a greater part — of the comment and discussion concerning the League in the European press is on the high idealistic plane that the Geneva speeches of the Premiers might imply. The administration and the policies of that body do not escape much petty criticism — some of it perhaps quite justifiable. For instance, *L'Opinion*, a Paris political weekly of considerable weight, has this to say: —

The United States is not a member of the League, and naturally does not contribute a sou to its expenses. None the less, it has eighteen representatives in the Secretariat. Canada, which pays three per cent of the League's budget, has eight, and the Latin-American Republics, which pay sixteen per cent, have only five altogether. The Librarian, whose salary exceeds $5000 a year, is a Yankee. The chief attaché of the Section of Information is a former American journalist. His salary is two thousand pounds sterling, or approximately $10,000. A citizen of the United States is the Assistant-Director of the Section of Administrative Commissions. His former occupation was secretary of a public play-

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ground commission in the United States. The *Chef des services intérieurs* is an American who was formerly the cashier of a little bank in North Dakota. Bear in mind, he knows practically no French, but he understands business — as a certain automobile deal testifies. But what is strangest of all, the private secretaries of the presidents of the various commissions, who ordinarily receive eight dollars a day, are paid twice that sum if they are natives of the United States. The same rule applies to members of the commissions.

✻

CONCERNING THE HISTORY OF A HABIT

SUPPLEMENTARY to the curious account of the historical ties between tobacco and politics in France that we print elsewhere in this issue, is an article by the Honorable John Fortescue in a recent number of the London *Morning Post* upon the introduction of the cigarette habit in Great Britain. The writer, who is the author of several books relating to the history of the British army, begins his reminiscences by saying: 'In the month of November, 1877, — I remember the date exactly, — I was hooted and jeered at by every little boy who saw me because I walked in the streets of London smoking a cigarette.' At that time cigarettes were regarded not only as a parody upon smoking but as a foreign innovation repugnant to the insular prejudices of the Britisher. To be sure, they could be purchased in little packages 'from pastry cooks in provincial towns,' and were smoked by freshmen in the university as a prudent method of approach to 'the maturer and manlier use of the pipe.' What popularized the cigarette in England was the British campaign in Egypt in 1882. Both officers and men on service there, being unable to obtain anything else, smoked cigarettes. They brought home not only a taste for these, but a following of 'evil-looking Levantines,' who set up cigarette shops all over London. These newcomers substituted for the occasional early English cigarette, filled with 'some dark-colored compound, possibly butt ends of cast cigars,' cigarettes of the finest Turkish and Egyptian tobacco, which within a very few years became popular with the rank and file of the British smoking public.

✻

THE DEPOPULATION OF AFRICA

Journal des Débats is distressed over the apparent decline of the native population in France's black possessions. French Equatorial Africa now has less than one inhabitant per square kilometre, and the death-rate appears to be considerably higher than the birth-rate. Dr. Boyé, Chief of the Health Service from 1920 to 1922, characterizes the depopulation of these territories as *de plus en plus angoissante*, and reports that 'tribes formerly prosperous and vigorous are to-day on the verge of extinction.' According to a provincial governor, where populous and flourishing villages and broad areas of cultivation were numerous fifteen years ago, only 'skeletons of villages' now remain, their cabins in disrepair and their fields neglected. One territory having 23,590 inhabitants, in which an accurate record has been kept, reports that the deaths exceeded the births in a single year by 2425. A larger enumeration shows, per 100,000 natives, 4470 births and 6524 deaths per annum.

Conditions are somewhat better in French East Africa, where the population is denser — about 3.5 inhabitants per square kilometre — but unequally distributed. Even here the recruiting officers report that only one adult male out of every five or six of army age is fit for military service. In the sole district where an actual enumeration has occurred, out of a population of

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25,000 there were 1007 births and 1161 deaths.

The two principal scourges of the African native in his own home are syphilis and malaria. Malaria appears to be the chief cause of infant mortality. Pneumonia and tuberculosis are also devastating scourges, 'the spread of tuberculosis being closely associated with the increasing use of alcoholic liquors.'

One of the most significant and disturbing features of this gloomy survey is the evidence of a rapidly decreasing birth-rate, due to the diseases already mentioned, the sleeping-sickness, alcoholism, and artificial restriction of births. In case of 563 Negro families impartially selected on the Gold Coast, 133 were childless, and 244 had but a single child. At Dakar, ten per cent of the infants born die at birth, and fifty per cent during the first four years.

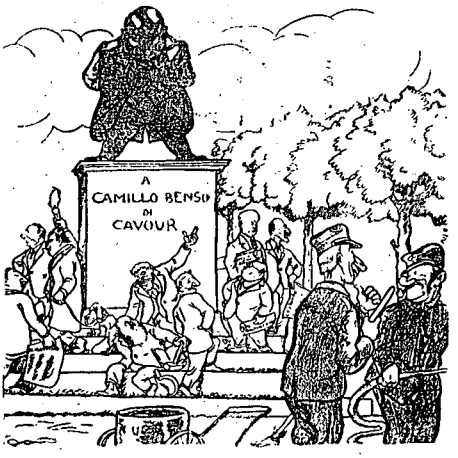
MINOR NOTES

THE South African Government has organized a scientific expedition of a semimilitary character to invade the Great Kalahari Desert that lies northwest of the Union and is believed to be the breeding-place of the locusts that have swarmed over the northern districts of South Africa for the past five years, devastating crops, killing cattle, and ruining the farmers. Entomologists are to investigate methods of killing the locusts in their breeding-grounds; an Air Force officer is to examine the possibility of using airplanes in this work; and an engineering officer is to consider the methods of transportation. After the preliminary reconnaissance, it is planned to employ military forces armed with large sprayers to attack the locusts in their breeding-places. Very little is really known about the Great Kalahari Desert. African frontiersmen declare it contains tracts of rich agricultural land, while others talk mysteriously of unknown cities and races and other sensational secrets hidden in its unexplored depths.

MACDONALD AT LAUSANNE

'We can let him go now. He 's become a vegetarian.' — *Le Figaro*

IN THE SHADOW OF CAVOUR



'Poor homeless fellows! No other place to go, I suppose.'

'Not at all. They 're only Mussolini's opponents trying to look important.' — *Il Travaso*

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THE CLIMAX OF REACTION

AGAINST WEIMAR, AGAINST VERSAILLES

BY LUCIANO MAGRINI

From *Corriere della Sera, August* 29
(MILAN LIBERAL DAILY)

[THIS article was written in the midst of the violent Junker campaign to defeat the Dawes Plan. Germany, like France, now seems definitely to have chosen a new course, as the second article in this issue suggests.]

THE state of mind of Germany — or at least of those Germans who threaten to control, either legitimately or by force, the destinies of the country — well deserves study. Its evolution and manifestations are symptoms of a movement that has gradually developed in the bosom of the fragile Republic until today it boldly and confidently proclaims its intention to overthrow the Weimar Constitution and the Versailles Treaty.

Although the Communists showed a large accession of strength at the last election, and although the German Socialists, supported by a section of the Democrats and the Clericals, are solidly behind the present Government, the German revolution of 1918 is being forced to surrender step by step the ground it gained. Perhaps we committed the error of overestimating the importance of what happened in Germany after her defeat. We mistakenly gave the name 'revolution' to the collapse of a political régime weakened by war, faltering morale, physical privations, and exhausted resources.

With her army a wreck, her emperor a fugitive, her princes in exile, Germany was free in 1918 to follow her own devices. She could choose the course her conscience and convenience dictated. But the Germans, who had been deluded for five years with the idea of certain victory, were totally unprepared for their military disaster. They were not capable of a profound moral reaction. At first the bourgeoisie was in terror for its own existence, overwhelmed by consciousness of its own responsibility, and stunned by a defeat that it supposed impossible and by a revolution in which German revolutionists themselves had never placed faith.

Consequently the bourgeoisie accepted passively the Republican Constitution of Weimar and, carefully studying the revolutionary reforms, accepted them as too vague or too contradictory to imperil the established system. Its members trusted to the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution and universal suffrage to prepare the way for an eventual overthrow of the work of Weimar and the work of Versailles. Men like Kurt Eisner, who frankly avowed Germany's responsibility for the war, or like Erzberger and Rathenau, who showed themselves resolute supporters of Republican institutions, a policy of peace, and the observance of the Treaty, were assassinated one after another, until the French, by their ill-advised policy in the Ruhr, became a more attractive mark for Nationalist hatred.

The governing classes that had fled the field in 1918 recovered their former prestige, with their old Prussian prej-

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udices, their arrogance, their provocative demeanor, their rash promises. Socialists and Catholics offered but feeble resistance to them in the Reichstag, partly because they felt the country was not behind them, and partly because the trades-unions had declined in membership within two years from eight million to five million under the distress induced by the policy of inflation. The Crown Prince was able to return from exile; the eight-hour day — a victory that the Socialists believed secure for all time — was abolished in most industries and a nine-hour, or even a ten-hour, day was restored. General Ludendorff, unpunished for his attempted coup d'état in Bavaria, and blatantly boasting of it in the Reichstag, busied himself organizing a new revolt in Prussia, and proclaimed himself General of the revanche. A Nationalist, Wallraff, was elected President of the new Reichstag, and another Nationalist was chosen President of the Bavarian Landtag. Both these men frankly published their desire to overthrow the Weimar Constitution and the Versailles Treaty.

What is their programme in essence? Smash the Treaty of Versailles, recover the territories Germany lost after the war, restore Bismarck's Prussian constitution, where the Cabinet is not responsible to Parliament, and unite the people from the Danube to the Baltic in a single empire, under a single Kaiser. Stresemann himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the present Government, did not hesitate to declare before the last Convention of the German People's Party at Hanover that he had no sympathy with the ideals of the Weimar National Assembly or the Weimar Constitution, and that he was an ardent partisan of the black, white, and red flag — that is, of the colors of the old empire.

In order to present themselves untarnished at the head of this movement, the Generals and the Nationalists succeeded in achieving what would have been impossible in any other country: they not only washed their hands of responsibility for Germany's defeat, — even declaring there never was a defeat, — but they denied responsibility for the war itself. Germany's Generals were not defeated; they received 'a stab in the back.' Then followed the 'betrayal' of Wilson's Fourteen Points. Thousands of pamphlets entitled 'A Stab in the Back' have been scattered all over Germany during the past few months, in an effort to prove, among other things, that the last Chancellor of the Imperial Government, Prince Max of Baden, and Erzberger, Scheidemann, and Ebert were traitors because they did not call the people to arms to resist the peace terms imposed by Clemenceau.

This Ludendorff propaganda has started some interesting controversies, and has caused the publication of documents very embarrassing for the former Chief of Staff. A letter written by Ludendorff has come to light, replying to Prince Max's inquiry whether it would not be better to call the nation to arms rather than to make peace on the terms proposed. The General's answer was a blunt 'No,' that a call to arms would ruin the situation, that it was imperative to make immediate peace. This letter was dated October 9, 1918. The Chancellor could not reconcile himself to this, but General Ludendorff insisted strenuously: 'The catastrophe may come any moment. Our front is crumbling visibly. Do not force the Supreme Command to resort to most unhappy measures.'

So Wilson's historic telegram was eventually allowed to take its course. On October 26 Ludendorff changed his mind, recovered his nerve, wanted to resist to the last. The Cabinet was in consternation, because the request for

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peace was already in Wilson's hands. The diplomatic adviser, von Lesner, who is to-day a prominent Nationalist, telephoned from the General Headquarters to the Chancellor not to listen to Ludendorff, because things had already reached a point where the situation was utterly hopeless. None the less, Ludendorff continues to reiterate brazenly that he received 'a stab in the back.'

Another question has come prominently to the fore during the last few months: responsibility for the war. A drive is under way to eliminate from the Versailles Treaty the clause attributing war guilt to Germany, and many Germans demand that the Government shall make this a condition of their country's joining the League of Nations. Germany is innocent. The Nationalists are demanding clamorously formal recognition that the Imperial Government and the men then in control of German affairs were innocent of starting the European War. This recognition would have a double purpose: at home it would enable the Nationalists to return to power with better grace and to preach with more effect their propaganda of revanche; abroad it would enable them to denounce the injustice and mendacity of the Allies and of the Versailles Treaty. They reason: Erase our war guilt and the whole foundation of the Versailles Treaty crumbles.

But it is not the Nationalists alone who demand that on this point the judgment of history shall be reversed. Stresemann has asserted in the Reichstag that the legend of Germany's guilt is false, and has announced that the Government will raise the question officially and demand that all the official documents relating to the subject shall be brought to light. 'We must force foreign Powers,' he exclaimed, 'to open their archives.'

Premier Marx declared that the present Cabinet had never assented to the thesis that Germany started the war, and that it had scrupulously provided for the complete publication of all the documents relating to the World War under its control in order that the truth might triumph. Even the Socialist leader Breitscheid insisted that German Social Democrats had never asserted that Germany alone was responsible for the war. During this debate not a single voice was raised in the Reichstag against the old ruling caste of the Wilhelmenic era. The documents from the Berlin Foreign Office archives published under Kautsky's direction, and the documents from Bavarian Government archives published by Kurt Eisner, were treated as if they did not exist. Germany is innocent! The Kaiser is innocent! The road is clear for the triumphant restoration of the monarchy!

With these premises established, it is not strange that the Nationalists are insistently urging a proposal, possibly supported likewise by Stresemann's Party, to make Admiral von Tirpitz Chancellor — the man who advocated unrestricted submarine-war, and who was responsible for sinking the Lusitania. Admiral von Tirpitz is being groomed for office as a loyal Monarchist, an advocate of revanche, a marvelous organizer, a keen and bold thinker. During the Wilhelmenic era he was a constant trouble-maker. He intrigued against everyone but himself. He opposed the Catholics, the Democrats, the Socialists, and the Conservatives. He ridiculed the Princes and slandered his colleagues. Admiral Scherr, who commanded the German High Seas Fleet in the battle of Skagerrack, has said of him: 'He has no equal as a mordant critic, but as a man of action he stultifies himself. Before the war he opposed superdreadnoughts; during the

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war he pinned his faith entirely on our submarines. That was our worst naval blunder, for our submarines were too few in number and too imperfectly developed to be effective, while his policy turned the whole world against us.'

Even this does not complete the picture. 'Anniversaries,' 'German days,' and other propaganda meetings are being held in every German city to stimulate the spirit of opposition to the Weimar Constitution and the Versailles Treaty. Thirty thousand German members of a military organization recently met at Halle to rally around Ludendorff and to honor the memory of Moltke, the victor of Sedan. The procession was reviewed by Ludendorff and by Prince Oscar, who had been sent to represent the former Emperor. A company of the Reichswehr marched with the others, presented the arms of the Republic to the Prince, and chanted the Imperial hymn. At Munich a great rally was held to celebrate the jubilee of the Bavarian Veterans' Federation, at which Prince Rupprecht, Marshal Bothmer, and General Kress, Commander of the Bavarian Militia, were guests of honor. General Reuter concluded a violent and warlike harangue by shouting: 'Let there thunder forth from every manly breast the battle cry of eternal hatred for the enemy!' After the ceremony an immense procession marched in military array past the palace of Prince Karl Theodor. Prince Rupprecht, wearing his royal insignia, reviewed it from the balcony of the palace, receiving the homage of the crowd and the vocal salute of the Reichswehr troops who marched in the column with their infantry, cavalry, and artillery garlanded with the Imperial colors.

A few days later a monument was dedicated at Munich that symbolized simultaneously a warning and a vow. It is a rectangular block bearing ten inscriptions with the names of the lost provinces which the Germans propose to recover. Every year garlands are to be laid at the base of this monument with appropriate ceremonies, as a rededication to this purpose. Among the provinces named are not only territories that belonged to Germany before the war, but also Upper Tirol and German Bohemia. This represents a return to the old Pan-German programme. Prince Rupprecht, the entire Bavarian Cabinet with its Premier at the head, and an official representative of the Reichswehr participated in the ceremony.

A German rally was lately held at Kassel, where General Otto von Bülow harangued the great throng in favor of a war of revanche. The former Crown Prince has transferred his residence from Silesia to Potsdam, and has dedicated, in the field uniform of a General of Division, a monument to the dead soldiers of the First Regiment of the Imperial Guard. Five other Hohenzollern princes and many generals in full uniform attended the ceremony. The former court preacher, Richter, in an address reminiscent of the old-time Wilhelmenic oratory, exclaimed: 'Potsdam shall be the forge where we shall temper the sword of Sigismund! More than ever before God is with us!'

Whither goes the Republic? We might better ask: where is this Republic, so disdainfully tolerated as a temporary screen behind which to restore the monarchy? The Nationalists clamorously insist on every occasion that if the Fatherland is to be saved 'something must be done.' As a prelude they are holding these showy Sunday rallies, these oratorical and military demonstrations, to protest against the Weimar Constitution and the Treaty of Versailles. Will the great majority of the German people, who really long for a sane policy of peace, prove alert enough and resolute enough to offer effective

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resistance to an eventual effort to bring back the old régime? Many fear that they will not. No matter whether the future emperor is to be the Crown Prince or his oldest son, Friedrich Wilhelm, there is good reason to fear that the Republic is staggering toward its end. Unless the clamorous campaign against Weimar and Versailles, in which all the pent-up madness of Pan-Germanism is finding vent, is speedily checked by moral and material forces in Germany and abroad, it threatens a new era of disaster in Europe and new delusions and new disasters for the *Reich*.

THE COLLAPSE OF REACTION

A HISTORIC REICHSTAG SESSION

From *Vossische Zeitung, August* 30
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

Yesterday witnessed the most dramatic session that the German Reichstag ever held. The cleverest theatrical art could not have raised interest to an intenser climax. Up to the last instant the outcome of the balloting that was to determine the fate of the Railway Law, and with it of the whole Dawes Plan, hung in the balance.

During the recess of an hour and a half between the conclusion of the debate on the third reading and the beginning of the balloting, the German Nationalists held a party caucus. They did not appear in the corridors of the Reichstag until just before the opening of the afternoon session. People were conjecturing how they would vote on the Railway Law up to the minute the ballots were cast. We must give them credit for keeping their counsels well, since only a few initiated had learned when the session bell rang the secret decision they had reached.

At half-past two the session opened. In a few minutes the Chamber was crowded. Scarcely a score of delegates, equally divided among the different parties, were absent. Everyone watched with strained interest the entrance of the German Nationalists. Would they appear in full force, or had a portion of the delegation received orders to absent itself? Scarcely an empty seat was left in their section. A certain atmosphere of decision was visible in their ranks. Only the German People's Party, still farther to the Right, seemed to have caught wind of something. It was rumored, at least, that they had brought a rocking-horse which they planned solemnly to present to the leader of the German Nationalists, after the vote on the Railway Law was taken.

The President rang his bell and instantly the room was abnormally still. Herr Wallraff stated in a matter-of-fact way the order of business for the session. A vote would first be taken upon the amendments, followed by a roll call on the third reading. Not until then would a final vote be taken upon the laws in the sequence in which they stood on the orders of the day. The Railway Law occupied seventh place.

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The Communists had moved a vote by ballot on most of the laws; the Social Democrats on the Railway Law. Five minutes after three the first balloting began, upon the Bank Law. In this instance, as in case of their other motions, the Communists had the support of the German People's Party in their demand for individual balloting. Their leaders, Herr Höllein and Herr Koenen, and also — on the anniversary of Tannenberg! — Herr Ludendorff, rose to support the motion. Ironical huzzas from the Centre Parties greeted this evidence of harmonious understanding between the Radicalinskis of the Right and the Left. Fifteen minutes later the result of the first ballot was announced. For a moment the President's voice was drowned by the hum of conversation, and he was obliged to repeat: 'Four hundred and thirty-three ballots have been cast, of which 259 are in the affirmative and 172 in the negative, with two abstaining.'

The House was not much interested in the fact that the Bank Law had been adopted. A straight majority was assured beforehand for all the laws. But hundreds of pencils were immediately busy figuring how many votes were lacking for a two-thirds majority. It worked out thirty-one. Would the German Nationalists give that many affirmative votes, or withdraw a corresponding number of members from the floor when the decisive ballot came?

Meanwhile that delegation presented a strikingly lively scene. Most of the members rose and disappeared in the corridors. Those who remained in the Chamber stuck their heads together and whispered in little groups. Their whip, Representative Schulz-Bromberg, distributed last-minute instructions. Count Westarp, their leader, rushed hither and thither. Party managers held hurried conferences. The number of vacancies in their section suddenly became noticeable. But the next ballot showed that 435 had voted, or two more than for the Bank Law. During each following ballot the German Nationalist leaders kept running nervously to and fro between the Chamber and the corridors with obviously increasing agitation, and the formation of little knots and circles became livelier. The nearer the decisive ballot approached the clearer it was that the party machinery was working overtime, instructing members how to vote and ensuring enough affirmative ballots to guarantee the necessary two-thirds majority for the Railway Law.

At four o'clock balloting upon the law relating to industrial securities was under way. The number of votes cast rose to 438. In the midst of almost audible silence the President then announced: 'We shall now proceed to vote upon the Railway Law.'

The full German Nationalist delegation was again in its seats. The tellers, accompanied by the pages carrying the ballot boxes, descended from the platform to receive the ballots. Every eye was fixed on the German Nationalist benches. The first to vote were Representatives Schulz-Bromberg and Dr. Quaatz, who occupy the two seats in the first row. Both deposited red ballots. Nothing was visible in the hands of their colleagues but red ballots, and to look at them at that moment a spectator would suppose that the Party intended to vote unanimously in the negative. Dr. Hergt in the second row deposited his ballot — red. Count Westarp in the third row — red. But in that row we caught a glimpse of the first white — affirmative — ballot. Admiral von Tirpitz cast it. A white raven? Even yet, however, the only ballots visible in the

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raised hands of this section were red. The teller with his page had reached the sixth or seventh row. Again a white ballot, but followed immediately by red, red, red. So, only one or two votes in the affirmative.

By this time the teller had already reached the last of the German Nationalist seats. It was remarkable how thickly the members of the Party had clustered there, just behind the back benches in the clear passageway. Several German Nationalist Representatives, who only a moment before had stood up in front flourishing red ballots, dropped their hands behind the bench backs and — miraculous prestidigitation — slipped white ballots into the box. A symphony of white suddenly fluttered into that receptacle from the background of the German Nationalist section. White ballots, hitherto concealed, twinkled like a flurry of chasing snowflakes — white, white, white.

Great excitement was manifested on the benches of the German People's Party and the Communist Party. Their members jeered shrilly at the German Nationalists, who sat embarrassed and downcast without replying. How many white ballots had they cast? The thing was done too quickly to keep track. It was clear that the Party management had ordered a large fraction of its delegation to vote in the affirmative. But were there enough? The balloting seemed to be over. But just then the German People's delegation goose-stepped up to the teller's table to cast its votes. A demonstration? No. The teller had merely overlooked them, and they now made haste to correct the oversight.

Ballots were stacked to the right and the left of the President and counted. In the previous votes those on the President's right were almost all red with a very few white exceptions. This time the red and white seemed about equal. The ten minutes it took to count them were like eternity. Would there be the two-thirds majority? Or would there not? It might hang on a single vote. The President figured and figured, and finally rose to announce the result. He began, rather to the annoyance of his tense-nerved listeners, by reciting very deliberately: 'The Reichstag has at the present time 466 members entitled to vote. Under the requirements of the Constitution, therefore, 311 members must cast their ballots. Actually 441 ballots have been cast. Therefore 294 are necessary for a two-thirds majority. There have voted in the affirmative 314 . . .'

Pandemonium broke loose. The Communists booed at the German Nationalists. The Social Democrats answered with mocking catcalls; the German People's Party delegation hooted and shrieked. But the German Nationalists sat quietly in their seats and made no response. The noise was so great that the President could not make himself heard to announce the remainder of the result. Several minutes elapsed before he was able to continue: '. . . and 127 Representatives have voted in the negative. Consequently the Railway Law has been adopted by the necessary two-thirds majority.'

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AMERICA IN THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

BY E. GOMEZ DE BAQUERO

From *El Sol, August* 29
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

[THIS article was suggested by the publication of a work by Professor Camilo Barcia Trelles upon the foreign policy of the United States, of which we give bibliographical data under Books Mentioned. The work itself is the result of the establishment at the University of Valladolid of a *Sección de estudios americanistas* devoted to instruction and research in American affairs.]

THE foreign policy of the United States is an aspect of that country's national life that throws into relief the fact that the nation is still in the formative period of its existence. That country is like a colossal, heroic statue still rough-hewn, to which the sculptor Time has not given its finished form and pediment. Therefore it seems a land of contradictions, as is quite natural, for its people are of recent origin, have multiplied with amazing rapidity, and have made history at dizzy speed, but their constituent elements are still melting in the crucible. That explains why this great Democracy, which still retains the Puritan traits of the Pilgrim Fathers, is afflicted with gross political and financial corruption; why a pacifist population endowed with a vast wealth of natural resources shows an imperialist appetite abroad; why a society cherishing high ideals of Christian conduct and justice tolerates the barbarous custom of lynching and produces a secret organization like the Ku Klux Klan, which descends to the practices of savages under its grotesque masquerade. Let us add, in all fairness, that lynchings are decreasing and that a powerful reaction is evident against the Ku Klux Klan and in favor of the liberalism and tolerance on which American Democracy is founded.

During the World War the policy of the United States was vacillating and irresolute. It could not be otherwise, in view of America's dislike of meddling with European affairs and the large Germanic element in her population. Material motives were also present, for the war was enriching the Americans, who had become great providers of munitions and supplies to the belligerents. Had it not been for Germany's submarine campaign, the Washington Government would probably have kept out of the conflict. When the nation did make up its mind, it acted with extraordinary decision and vigor, and quickly demonstrated the tremendous latent military power possessed by a highly developed industrial country. The world should not have been surprised at this, for it only had to recall the gigantic military improvisation achieved by the same people in their War of Secession.

America inundated Europe with munitions and soldiers. Her people showed remarkable maritime skill in handling the movement of troops across the Atlantic. They exhibited marked common-sense when their army took the field by accepting, far more readily than did England, the advice and direction of the veteran military experts of France for their raw recruits.

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When the hour of peace struck, the nation that had been last to enter the lists, that had profited most and suffered least from the war, that was the most disinterested in its attitude toward Europe's problems, naturally dominated the negotiations and assumed the rôle of arbiter. In spite of all the bargaining and intriguing that went on at Paris, Wilson was the principal author of the Treaty of Versailles. That document will go down in history as an idealist and chimerical instrument, respectable for the general principles it incorporates, — the League Covenant and the Labor Statute, — but so impracticable in its concrete provisions for reëstablishing peace as to prove itself the handiwork of a man from another world.

By rejecting the Treaty the United States became primarily responsible for Europe's subsequent chaos and insecurity. Only a treaty of guaranty and a firm union of all the Allies to compel the payment of Reparations would have obviated the dangers of an international contract that it would necessarily take many years to carry out, and that utterly disregarded obvious psychological facts.

If the Allies had marched to Berlin and completely crushed the formidable Prussian war-machine, German militarists and Nationalists would not have retained the prestige that they possess to-day, and that has harmed Germany quite as much since the war as during the war itself. It would not have been possible for them to boast that Germany was still unconquered and to preach revanche. Germany was clearly beaten when she asked for the Armistice. Unless the situation was desperate, Ludendorff and the other generals who besought the Berlin Government to plead for peace were guilty of abominable treason. But nations readily accept sophistries that flatter their national pride. The Germans lack the vivid conviction of defeat that the presence of enemy troops in their capital would have given them.

To-day the United States Government, by taking part in the London Conference, enters upon a new course that promises to redeem the errors of the past and to expiate the grave sin of omission of which the great Democracy was guilty during the ominous and agitated years between 1919 and 1924. After playing the part of Richard the Lion-Hearted the nation tried the rôle of Shylock, and busied itself piling up new bills against Europe. The adoption of the Dawes Plan logically implies an adjustment of Interallied debts. If the change of policy initiated in the United States continues, its people will come to realize that the nations that fought against German imperialism were partners whose burdens should be shared in proportion to their respective gains and losses. The United States — which profited most from the war in wealth, power, and world influence — can and should be generous, if only out of enlightened self-interest. The fate of King Midas, surrounded by gold and turning everything he touched into gold, is not to be coveted by any people, and least of all by a great industrial nation which needs customers as much as it needs capital.

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PIPES AND POLITICS

BY HISTORICUS

From *L'Ère Nouvelle, August* 11
(Paris Radical Daily)

Tobacco! Most people have forgotten that Nicot's plant, which takes its name from the island of Tobago, has played a considerable rôle in our political history. The pipe of Jean Bart, the 'huge sailorman,' who dared to *pétuner* — they did not as yet call it smoking — under the nose of the great King, has become legendary, as no doubt the diplomatic pipe of Premier Herriot will become in time.

Tobacco! It has been used in many forms. It was responsible for the dainty little snuffboxes our ancestors carried that soon became jeweled *objets de luxe;* and it created the pipe, that ambulating chimney-flue, which has been both the butt of bitter satire and the theme of tender praise.

How many ardent songs were sung in 1830 to *ma pipe et ma maîtresse!*

Yes indeed, the snuffbox, the pipe, the cigar have been in their day so many symbols of political sentiment, of civic grouping.

Two ways of using the weed that yields our Treasury so rich a revenue once served to designate, to label, two great periods in our history.

Priser — the act of taking a dainty pinch of delicate powder between one's thumb and finger and placing it to one's nose — was a gesture of the *ancien régime. Fumer* — that is to say to puff a pipe, a cigar, or a cigarette — was typical of the *nouveau régime.* The snuffbox and the pipe, both articles that artists have loved to refine and beautify, therefore transmit to us the sentiments of two epochs. Those sentiments were excellently expressed by the author of the *Athénéennes* in a topical poem of 1836: —

Monsieur, je ne prise jamais.
Au tabac, cependant, je sais rendre justice;
Je fume. — Vous fumez! quel singulier caprice!
Quelle mode bizarre introduite chez nous!
La pipe! — Eh! oui, la pipe; il n'est rien de si doux.
— Je ne puis la sentir. — Et moi, je la respecte.
La pipe! Elle vaut bien cette poussière infecte
Qui de son alambic, partout coule au hasard,
Et fait d'une voix d'homme une voix de canard.

[No, sir, I never take snuff,
But I honor tobacco, I puff
My pipe. . . . You smoke? How queer!
A strange fashion you are bringing us here!
A pipe! . . . Yes, a pipe — a delight! . . .
I can't stand it. . . . I prefer it all right,
It's much better than that dirty brown dust
That is constantly soiling your clothing,
And makes a man quack like a duck.]

And after asserting that snuff-taking was a symptom of our decadence — of our servitude, of our venality, because a golden snuffbox adorned with a miniature or set with pearls and diamonds would buy for an emperor or a king servile diplomatic weathervanes and pliant courts of justice — 'the defender of modern ideas' thus sings the superiority of smoking: —

La gloire de la pipe emplit toute la terre,
Partout l'homme lui voue un culte salutaire.

[The glory of the pipe fills all the land
And everywhere men do it reverence.]

The pipe stimulated, excited, sustained courage. The author of a tract entitled *Tabac et Liberté* asks: 'How does one protest against a bad law?' and answers, 'He smokes, he persists in smoking, he smokes in the streets, in public

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places, on the promenades.' In August 1834, a high municipal functionary at Paris forbade smoking in the Luxembourg. But the people smoked under the noses — and the beards — of the authorities, even in the anterooms of ministers, in defiance of guards and watchmen.

Another tract, published in 1832, appeals to its readers thus: 'Smoke, comrades; smoke, brothers and companions, in defense of our rights and liberties.'

Wearing a cap over one ear, or a hat with a broad or a curled brim, with a goatee on his chin and a pipe in his mouth, with tinder box and tobacco-pouch, swaggering with an air of bravado, swinging a highly polished cane of the type derided in current slang as 'a Liberal's sword,' the fashionable dandy of progress in the thirties was certainly a conspicuous champion of the new era he proclaimed. And the cigar, or the pipe, was his party badge.

What gave birth to this personage — to this new type? Romanticism with its enthusiasm for the exotic, for the German tobacco-pouch, for the Turkish narghile! What naturalized this pipe among us? The Revolution of 1830.

As a matter of fact, the first Revolution did not smoke. It had no time to waste on the charms of reverie. Although the Napoleonic Empire gave us our first steady smokers, the habit was at that time confined to the army. A hussar of 1813 says: '*Touche pas à ma blague; c'est pas pour les pékins*' — 'Hands off my tobacco-pouch; it is n't for civilians.' It was the age of Lassalle, holding his pipe in his teeth as he filled it, and of Marshal Oudinot, a famous collector of jeweled pipes.

Then came the Restoration, correct and dull and doctrinaire, which regarded smoking as 'unworthy of the seriousness of these legitimist times.' In an address long famous, Royer-Collard declaimed against tobacco as 'an enemy of sound opinion.' To be sure, the Duke of Richelieu, who was twice premier under Louis XVIII, was a great smoker before the Lord, and he too was a collector of pipes; but he was the exception that proved the rule. The vogue of the hour condemned such a gesture of independence.

Under Louis-Philippe, however, the smoker celebrated his triumph, even though the cigar was not yet universally received and several years elapsed before smoking was permitted in cafés, theatres, and private homes, except where a special smoking-room was provided.

Tell me what you smoke and I will tell you who you are. — *Journal Pour Rire*, October 1851

We cannot insist too strongly, therefore, that it is through politics, through new ideals, that tobacco, that the *art de fumer*, — as Barthélemy called it in a long-since-forgotten song-trilogy popular in its day, — established itself firmly in the hearts of society. The custom had a long evolution and started from very humble beginnings. What was at first regarded as a vulgar indulgence of soldiers, camp followers, and wagoners, won favor in ever

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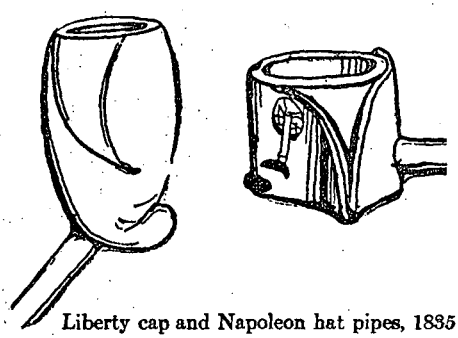
higher ranks of society, until a popular versifier could write, in 1858: —

Le cigare est venu: les temps vont s'accomplir
Le cigare à la main joue à la liberté.

[The cigar has arrived; the day has dawned,
When to carry a cigar is each man's privilege.]

George Sand, herself a great smoker of cigars and colorer of meerschaums, declared: 'He who does not smoke is not a whole man'; and Xavier Aubryct did not hesitate to call his century 'the age of the cigar and the pipe.'

But it was the pipe above all that dethroned the régime of powdered wigs. The pipe, whether of meerschaum, briar, porcelain, or clay, the pipe for a sou, *la pipe de Givet* with its little allegorical figures, the *Marseillaise* pipe, — the famous *Marseillaise* that was smoked after being sung, — the *tri-glorieuse* pipe to commemorate the days of July, the little hat pipes — *le petit chapeau* — affected by the Bonapartists, these and a hundred more designs expressed their several crotchets or convictions. Each had its day as a political manifesto.



Liberty cap and Napoleon hat pipes, 1835

That was indeed the golden age of the pipe. Transformed into a pamphlet, a caricature, a party weapon, it incarnated itself as a Lafayette, a Benjamin Constant, a Laffitte pipe, or a giraffe or turkey pipe openly ridiculing Charles X, or one of the innumerable pear designs, always more or less withered — for no King was more smoked than poor Louis-Philippe. Yes, and there was bootlegging of seditious pipes; pipes were confiscated, as were later, under the Empire, the Victor Hugo pipe and *la pipe à la lanterne*.

Ramsay MacDonald, welcoming Herriot — and his briar — to England: 'Pipe! pipe! pipe! Hurrah!!'—*L'Opinion*

One more chapter and our story is done. Finally came the battle between the democratic pipe and the Liberal-bourgeois cigar. Little by little the former lost caste, and the cigar, promoted to royal favor by Napoleon III, made its appearance even at cabinet meetings and diplomatic conferences. Sovereigns smoked fragrant Havanas when they discussed questions of war and peace. Beginning with Madame Metternich, who 'smoked like a soldier on fatigue,' the cigar gradually invaded the most exclusive circles. Eugène Pelletan wrote ironically: 'The cigar is suitable for gentlemen whose political plans always end in smoke.'

Therefore it is most appropriate that with the rising tide of democracy the more plebeian pipe should now be restored to honor. Let us salute the pipes of Herriot and of MacDonald, for they have won a standing undreamed of even during the bright dawn of liberty in 1830.

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INNS AND BULLETS IN ALBANIA

BY AUBREY HERBERT

From the *Empire Review, June*
(London Monthly)

It was in 1907 that I made my first journey to Albania. . . . My old servant and traveling companion, Riza, had followed me to Scutari, and I was burning with impatience to cross Albania to meet my brother at Uskub. In those days, traveling in Albania was difficult. The ordinary method was to obtain the *bessa*, that is to say, the word of honor or the protection of an Albanian chieftain, who made himself responsible for the safety of the traveler through his own district, where the Turkish troops were unable to penetrate. If misfortune befell the traveler, the Chief was in honor bound to exact the adequate penalty from those who had injured the foreigner. This code of honor was very strict. There was constantly a state of *djak*, that is, blood-feud, which meant occasional ambushes and often desultory evening warfare, when the day's work was over, between two villages. But even when hostilities were acute, the women were allowed to pass without molestation.

Unfortunately for me, there had recently been serious local trouble. The Turkish government, it was alleged, had robbed a tribe (Ljuma, I think), and this tribe had retaliated, four days before my departure, by sending down six hundred men to hold the passes. These casual warriors had occupied the Turkish post, and consumed a quantity of provisions, coolly informing the authorities that they might deduct the amount from the bill that they owed the Albanians. These people would probably treat a foreigner well, but in their hands he would be half guest, half asset, stuffed with hospitality, but held as a hostage against the Ottoman government. In the circumstances, it was obviously no use asking the Turks for their help, nor had I time to procure the bessa of the chieftains on the way. On that particular road, however, this was not a pure disadvantage, for men have enemies as well as friends, and there was one clan who were said to take a childish delight in killing the guest of their enemy rather than their enemy himself, thus inflicting an indelible stain on his honor. After drinking a final coffee in the garden outside my hotel with my friends — a Turk, an Egyptian, two Greeks, and an Albanian — I started next morning an hour after dawn. It was an intoxicating day between spring and summer, and the freshness of the dawn was so delicious that one felt unreasonably it must survive the heat of noon. I arrived at the bridge with my four horses, one for myself, one for the luggage, the third for my *Kiraji*, or hired man, and the last for my Albanian servant. Here the first difficulty presented itself. Luckily, there was only one man at that early hour in charge of the bridge, and he was a recruit. He demanded my *yol teskere* (road-permit) in very broken Turkish. I equivocated. My passport, I said, was in my bag upon my horse. I would not open it as I was in haste. At this point a Greek came up and very suitably played chorus.

Soldier. O effendi, O my two eyes, give up thy teskere. The merciful

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Government requires this. Praise be to God!

THE GREEK. The merciful Government requires this. Give up thy teskere, O effendi. Praise be to God!

MYSELF. God prosper the merciful Government! This law was not for me, nor will I unpack my luggage.

GREEK. This law was not for thee. Pass, O generous Lord.

SOLDIER. O educated sir, O corner of my liver, stay. Thou shalt not pass. The merciful Government —

MYSELF. O dog, eat dirt, but behold that we part in friendship. This shall be a remembrance of me. Drink thy coffee alone that we would have drunk together.

GREEK AND SOLDIER TOGETHER. We are grateful to thee, O Bey. Depart in peace. Smiling may you go, and smiling come again!

So, in those days, were the obstacles of travel surmounted in Turkey.

We crossed the Drin in a curious contrivance. Two long and extremely narrow dugout boats were lashed together, and, carrying my party with its horses, and a *yolji* (wayfarer) who had joined us for protection, were punted across. Then we rode swiftly into the mountains. It was my first sight of that country, beautiful as a dream, that has in it the hint of a dragon. By noon the heat was intense.

I walked most of the way — a habit of mine which he hated and to which he had never become accustomed in spite of a three weeks' march in which we had been companions; as the road led up the hills, the heat grew in intensity in spite of the trees. We climbed a steep path, through luminous oak forests, which tantalized with their suggestion of coolness, and gave the impression that, at the turn of a dive, one gets of the sunlight through the green Mediterranean. At a place where the mountain to the south became almost a precipice in its steepness, and we could see across the tops of the trees, we found a forest fire. The opposite cliff came and went through and beyond rising smoke, like a mirage. There was no sign of life except the sound of cuckoos calling with their May note. At the end of the descent, the land seemed determined to be bare. The woods ended abruptly. In these uncovered places the stone heaps that mark the site of a man's death are, curiously enough, more numerous. The reason may be that the man who wishes to kill another does not care to run the risk of being stalked himself. Occasionally, the barrenness of the land was relieved by an uninviting scrub of dwarf fir trees and juniper. Vivid white rocks were visible on the mountains facing us, and in the distance looked like cities. Riza was reserved, and referred every question I asked him to Fate, an unsatisfactory habit in a courier. Every now and then there was a clearing in the woods, with the fortified home of a mountaineer.

Finally we arrived as the sun set at a hamlet, the second in our day's journey, called Chereti. Progress became very slow. Men with rifles met us and paused and hallooed to other men with rifles, none of whom spoke Turkish. We were escorted to a one-storied house, where the patriarch of a huge family offered us hospitality. Riza entered upon a voluble conversation with our host, who gave us the lugubrious news that there were still some hundreds of tribesmen holding the pass ahead of us. I asked for water. In the excitement of talking, Bairam, our host, had deposited his rifle at the door, and thoughtlessly walked some yards from it. He took it up again instantly and went to draw water from a well fifty yards away. A bed that was almost a fetish in the house was given me in a tiny room partly open to the air

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and some fowls, on one side, but from which there was no egress, as the women of the family were in the hall that cut me off from the outer door.

The next morning, after many hand-kissings, invitations to return, and blessings, I left.

As in Arabia, so in Albania, one feels a certain reluctance to say good-by to fertility, because fertility is almost equivalent to a guaranty of security. Where land is cultivated the people have a stake and feel responsible for their actions; cultivated land is a hostage for good behavior.

At dawn, we had a cup of Turkish coffee. Our Christian muleteer, a *malisor*, was in the highest spirits and sang in the woodland way, arousing the resentment of Riza. When I asked him why he, too, could not be cheerful, he answered angrily, 'He is responsible for four horses; I am responsible for you.'

'Anyhow, we have the bessa of the lord of the horses,' said I.

'His bessa,' said Riza, with a wealth of abuse, 'is not worth a farthing. Son of a dog, may he eat dirt!' After this amiable expression taciturnity covered him like a cloak.

The morning of the day before, we had ridden through green meadows where the hedges may have been accidental, but the lie of the land was like Devonshire, until a window in the hedge showed the white mountains that give the country its name. Albania has a great advantage over other countries. There is water everywhere. We gave ourselves up to the greediness of drinking ice-cold water. I remember one waterfall set in rosemary, and the water was sometimes so clear that its mother, it seemed, must have been crystal, not rock. Riza, with much reverence, produced a holy bottle which he had bought at Kerbela. The memory of his language at that sacred place was like a screen between our time there and the blessings he now poured upon it.

I left my little pony free and walked behind it, watching its four clever, solidly plated heels tinkling up and down the rocks of the steep path. There came a time when I wanted to ride, and went forward to catch my animal. He kicked me, with accuracy and amazing vigor, between the knee and the thigh. It may have been because we had had little food, or because of the pain, but this kick made me faint. Riza said, 'Where did this beast, God give it trouble, strike you?' and instantly massaged my leg with fury. 'Arise,' he said, 'walk; if the leg is not broken, all will be well.' And so it was, and I suggest this exercise as a sure remedy to all who suffer the same misfortune.

As we marched, I looked at a view that was grand, stripped of forests, where the mountains were rugged and naked. I said to Riza: 'Here at any rate you need feel no responsibility for me. We can see for miles. Talk more cheerfully. Make the way pleasant with conversation. If there were bad men, could we not see them?'

'How can we see?' he answered. 'Have we telescopes, as they have?'

They have begun to be up-to-date in the Balkans. A foreigner at play in these countries does not do justice to the people. In those days they hunted or were hunted and their lives were generally in immediate peril. Occasional danger is exhilarating but its constant presence is wearing.

We crawled on tired horses into a new scenery which I thought as magnificent as I had ever seen in Europe.

The country in itself was a high adventure. Everywhere gorges flung water headlong into the valleys, and so clear was the air that the farthest boundaries were as clean-cut as the

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impression on a coin. Though we were not riding on dizzy heights the path was dangerous. Often for fifty yards at a time it was only a foot or eighteen inches broad, and sometimes frayed on the inside corners for a few inches into invisibility.

It was impossible to dismount, and one could only watch the stones falling from the path down to where one's shadow lay sixty or a hundred feet below. I left the entire responsibility to my horse. Once it was stung by a fly, and it pranced in a way that made me tremble, but I did not touch the reins. It was a fearful joy to look ahead and mark the cliff we were to climb, where the track seemed to have had as much purchase on the face of the mountain as the shadow of a rope. It appeared impossible for horses to keep their footing upon what was only a scratch upon the precipices, but they did so. We passed few men. Riza could not bear my being even a small distance ahead. Once, passing from a cavern in the mountain to a valley filled with the sound of rivers, the muleteer and I were attacked by an enormous sheep-dog, and defended ourselves with difficulty. Some half-dozen wild Albanians, his masters, sat a few yards off with rifles on their knees, watching with unconcern. Once, riding round a corner, I came suddenly upon an Albanian who unslung his rifle as I drew my revolver. He cried, '*Tunghist jetal*' (Long life to thee), and I said, 'Salaam.' And we passed each other with salutes.

Constantly we forded clear streams with stones like garnets in them a dozen times in the hour. That night we came to a place appropriate to my condition — Sakati (lame). At Sakati there was a squalid khan, where men and horses slept or waked together. A room was given to me, with a slimy floor of mud and a greasy trestle-board on which to sleep; it had one other article of furniture, an umbrella-rack; I had a volume of *Adam Bede*, which made a pillow. While we waited for our only food that day, I sat in a beautiful cemetery, broken and decayed. The sunset was wonderful. Lights like comets came and went from one towering range to another. The wind whispered in the almond trees, and from the dusky green oak-wood there came the recurrent tinkle of the brook. That night in my hut was intolerable. A man tried to break in and mice never ceased from reveling. At dawn we started off at a great pace. My attendants were most nervous at that early hour, fearing that our arrival overnight had been observed.

We left behind the chestnuts, hazels, sycamores, and almonds in bloom that had marked the way of the day before, and traveled through planes and oaks. At six (Turkish), that is noon, we struck the Drin again; it was in a turbulent mood. The path was so fragile that it looked as if the wind might blow it away. I was riding in front of our little caravan when the path descended to the river. I went along it like Agag, knowing that at any moment my horse and I might sound the depths of that fierce, muddy river. Finally we had to turn and retrace our steps, and I added this principle to a traveler's philosophy: 'If there are two tracks, always take the higher.' No one, unless he is obliged to do so, will choose the harder way, which probably only exists because the lower one has been destroyed. It was with the utmost difficulty that we returned. We rode on through a dark forest until we came out into the sunlight, to the first of three fine bridges — fine, that is, for the country. They are, it is true, impassable as far as carriages are concerned, but as there are no roads on either side of them, this does not very much matter. The first, I was told,

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was built a hundred years ago, by Shkodra Vizier. They had each a couple of arches, with holes like Gothic windows to relieve the weight of the waters. At the first bridge we met two cavalrymen and eight infantry, the only sign of Turkish occupation in all our march.

The Turks followed their usual custom. Their salutations were very friendly, but I was not sure if they were there to meet a guest or a prisoner. I called a halt. We sat, smoked, and drank water together, and I learned what had happened. A telegram had been sent from Scutari, said the Turks, about an Englishman for whom their benevolent Government cared greatly. He must therefore be met at the first possible point and cherished by the *asker* (soldiers). We lay under a great box-hedge, which gave us shade while we talked. The sergeant of the *suwari* (cavalry) overwhelmed me with congratulations.

HE. God has wished this (my safe arrival). How beautiful! God is great!

MYSELF. God is generous. God has wished this. Thanks to God!

HE. The last who came through was not as your Excellency. He came in the time of peace and not through troubles, with a great escort for protection, and myself, but, oh! God give them trouble, ragged men shot at him, not for iniquity, but for diversion, from the mountain, and his hat was pierced by a bullet. He was a Lord of Magarystan (Hungary).

MYSELF. Alas for the Lord of Magarystan!

The sun was very hot upon the mountain, and gray and green lizards scudded through the dust in front of the horse's hoofs to shelter under the thyme. After a climb we arrived at the third and last bridge, below Mount Lumi, whose appearance is as menacing as its reputation is grim. On it the snow had turned to icicles, and these were still riveted to its sides.

As a matter of fact, I heard afterwards that, within an hour and a half of our departure, the bridge was in the hands of the Albanians.

I was impressed by two features of animal life: the tortoises which we continually met and I carried from the path into the woods, and one Albanian puppy at the bridge. Its master told me that it was four months old, but it allowed no one to touch his property.

The road through the forest was what the Turks call 'chossee' (*chaussée*), which sometimes means a way upon which it is not possible to travel, but they speak of it in hushed, respectful voices. We traveled quickly along, through the twilight of the trees that opened out in glade after glade, while the river sang and flashed through the shadows of the forest. Finally, we came out on to the open hillside that was covered with heather, and found one shepherd asleep among wild hyacinth in the shadow of an ilex with his gun for a pillow, while his companion played upon the flute of Pan. In the distance, perhaps half an hour away, we could see the White Drin, just before its junction with the Black Drin. I said good-bye with reluctance to the avenues of the forest as we emerged on to the plain of Prisrend. Our suwaris were good fellows, and we rode at ease ahead of the baggage animals. The peasants whom we met were mostly Christians, and, so far as one could tell, unarmed, though the suwaris said they carried weapons secretly. The suwaris asked me for my photograph, and spoke in high praise of His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, the shadow of God upon earth, who had caused their salaries to be paid.

We trotted over a comfortable land

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of red, fertile soil, till the town came in sight, as white with its mosques and minarets as the snow that covered the crest of the mountain behind it. The bridge that crosses the Drin is firm, and the holes which time has worn in the wooden flooring are kept in fair repair, while the whole of the length is roofed. The rush of water makes a delightful accompaniment to the cooing of doves. The cemeteries outside and in the town are shadowy with tall groups of poplars. I had often heard the Albanian soldiers praising Prisrend, yearning through the heat of desert nights for its coolness. When I saw the place I understood their affection. Like all highlanders, they long for their mountains, and much of the trouble which they used to give the authorities was the result of this home-sickness. Turks are always pleased to meet one who has visited their home in distant Anatolia, but their love for home is the almost casual feeling of a wandering race, not the passionate and poetic longing characteristic of the Albanians. The Albanian in the desert hears the sound of pigeons' flight and the murmur of streams; he sees the shimmer of mosques before dusk, and he feels the cool air of Prisrend or Kalkandele in the evening.

At Prisrend, I received a polite message from the Kaimakam, and found an excellent inn with a Serbian *hanji*, whom I recommend to all travelers. Here, after some hours, I procured a meal of rice and soup.

In the last three days we had only had one meal a day, and that of rice, and the bread which we had taken with us had become so hardened by the heat that unless we dipped it in water it was not possible to eat; yet, on our arrival, neither Riza nor I could eat for weariness. When we had finished eating, the Italian consul, with the hospitality of his race, invited me to stay with him. I begged to be excused, but went for a second dinner to his house, where I nearly fell asleep in the soup. The consul had entertained the unfortunate 'Lord of Magarystan.' This traveler had come by easy stages and with a large escort from Scutari, but 'he also was sleep-walking,' said the Italian. He sent the guard back with me to my inn. As I went to bed, the sound of firing broke out in the street, but weariness conquered curiosity, and my bed, in which I noticed with passing regret that one other (perhaps many) had recently slept, called to me irresistibly.

The final stage of our journey was luxurious. Riza had contrived to obtain a carriage.

'Sit beside me,' I said, 'and we will discourse.'

'Not so, my Soul. Is it through me that dishonor shall come to you?' he answered, and took his place upon the narrow seat opposite, a very handsome ruffian from the waist upwards, but lacking the slow dignity that Turkish trousers confer, since a present of mine, stockings and knickerbockers, clothed him from the ankles to his sash.

The weather made it a pleasure to live, and our progress through the town was almost royal. In the market, where a trellis of vine gave some shade to the butchers' shops, most of the people stood up salaaming, while some enthusiasts called down blessings upon us. I did not understand their motives, but, encouraged by my kavass, I responded cordially. Then we came to the outskirts, and the country lay before us in wave after wave of rolling ground. Riza sat now beside me, his good temper renewed.

'We have passed the mountains and the fastness, where all men that saw you, effendi, said "Allah, Allah." Here is rest, and freedom from care.' He smoked cigarettes and sang.

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A RETURN TO THE OPEN ROAD

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

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HISTORY is being made rapidly by the tremendous development of the automobile during the last twenty-five years. That invention is changing the conditions of human life as much as, perhaps more than, did the railway.

When toward the middle of the last century railroads began to form a network of communication over the civilized world, they superimposed themselves everywhere, except in new countries like the United States, upon a preëxisting system of highways, and quickly attracted to themselves nearly all the old road-traffic, both passenger and freight. The coach roads, with their relays of fresh horses and their picturesque inns, were soon deserted. They ceased to serve more than local convenience. They were used between villages and counties perhaps, but never between provinces or national capitals. The Big Flanders Road, the Big German Road, the Big Italian Road became names that ceased to have meaning — they were merely reminiscences of the past.

Now, as if by a wave of the magician's wand, the automobile has called these old highways back to life. They have again become animated. Inns, hotels, palatial tourist-resorts mark their stages. Far-bound travelers once more crowd their course. Many an automobile that passes the Paris fortifications through the Flanders Gate is truly bound for Flanders — or even a remoter destination.

But the automobile has done much more than multiply the comforts and the speed of the old-time mail-coach. It is following in the footsteps of a far more primitive age and conquering space as well as time. Civilized lands no longer satisfy its ambition. It sets forth to reduce wastes and deserts to its sway. Already it is following trails upon which, until yesterday, only caravans have ventured. It is supplanting not only the stagecoach but the camel.

I first realized what an unexpected and remarkable revolution the automobile was destined to work in our ideas of the desert during a journey I made some time ago in the extreme south of Algiers. It was during the last years of the war. I was detailed by the Governor-General of Algiers to accompany the Chief of the Department of Native Affairs on a recruiting tour through the remoter oases.

Wiseheads, who are so numerous everywhere, cautioned us solemnly: 'Above all, don't try to go by automobile from Bou Saâda to Biskra. The road is absolutely impassable.' We risked it, nevertheless, telling ourselves that if worst came to worst we could retrace our steps. But our automobile made it, with some difficulty, but successfully. One would never imagine, until he actually tries it, what extraordinary obstacles a well-handled automobile can surmount.

A few days later we went from Laghouat to Ghardaïa in the Mzab, one of the most interesting and unique regions in the world. For several hundred miles the military commandant

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of the district had managed, without money and almost without labor, by using such chance means as he had at hand, to clear a road where automobiles could travel at thirty or forty miles an hour as easily as on the smoothest macadam. We asked ourselves why this road could not be lengthened still farther; why it might not be extended clear across the Sahara. In fact motor-cars had already made part of that journey. During the war light trucks were frequently dispatched as far as the Tuareg country.

Consequently, even at that date, the automobile had half-conquered the desert. We merely needed, to complete the victory, a vehicle that could travel uninterruptedly for long distances, over stones and sand dunes. That has since been accomplished. We now have regular motor-car communication between our North African and our Central African provinces. Algiers is connected with Timbuktu by two separate routes. Nor is the Timbuktu region — the Niger Valley — the only district that can be reached in this manner. It is possible to go by motor-car to Lake Chad, though the journey still requires a long detour.

So the automobile is invading the desert from every side. In the footsteps of the explorers of to-day will march an army of tourists. All those who love camping and hunting, who covet escape from the humdrum commonplaceness to which ordinary travel has sunk, who seek new thrills in original trips to unfamiliar regions, will here find almost unlimited scope for gratifying their taste.

Most Sahara trails have been followed since time immemorial by caravans from Central Africa, from the valleys of the Niger and the Congo, to the Mediterranean coast of Morocco, Algiers, and Tripoli. The suppression of the slave trade struck a deathblow at this trans-Saharan commerce; for the principal merchandise, the most valuable commodity brought from the heart of Africa to the markets of the North, was human beings. Each caravan of slave traders, when it set forth from Morocco, Algiers, or Tripoli, elected a captain who had absolute authority, who was its despotic master under God, like a captain of a ship. After months of privation and hardship on the interminable route, after encountering the perils of Tuareg raiders, the party finally reached the land of the black people. There its members bartered their calicoes and other wares for human flesh. Long lines of slaves, shackled by the neck to a single yoke to prevent escape, were kept under vigilant guard during the first stages of the return journey. But as the caravan advanced north these precautions were relaxed and finally the slaves were allowed almost as much freedom as the rest of the party.

But the extension of European control over Northern Africa closed, one after another, the old slave-marts. The last one survived until quite recently at Fez. I saw with my own eyes, during a long sojourn in the Shereefian capital before it was occupied by the French, what such a market was like. One day each week slaves were sold on the block in a public square. It was a sort of entertainment which the half-dozen Europeans then in Fez never missed. I ought to add that the slaves thus auctioned off in public were only the left-overs. The choicer specimens, especially the young girls, were sold in private.

Now, only a few years later, troops of tourists have replaced the slave caravans!

Asia, even more perhaps than Africa, is being completely transformed by the automobile. The new vehicle

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follows paths trodden by slow, toiling caravans for two thousand years, and makes them as familiar as modern highways. An Englishman recently said to one of my friends: 'The Suez Canal changed the route to the Indies. Your occupation of Syria is changing it back again to its ancient channel.' And that is literally true. Before the Canal was dug the old highway to India was partly by land and partly by sea. Following the ancient pathway of the caravans, it passed through Syria and Mesopotamia. It connected Damascus, near the Mediterranean coast, with Bagdad, whence there was river navigation to the Persian Gulf. A glance at the map will show that this route, which our airplanes have so recently traversed, is much shorter than by sea. . . .

In 1922 a Damascus merchant who was engaged in smuggling gold — for the contraband trade in gold flourishes in Syria, the classic land of money-changers, as it does nowhere else — attempted secretly to transport a consignment of the precious metal by automobile to Bagdad. The French authorities discovered his plan and pursued him with police automobiles and by airplane. The smugglers were captured and brought back to Damascus with their precious cargo. This chase across the sands, which had many of the features of a cinema episode, showed how easy it was to cross the desert by this method. Several reconnoitring tours were immediately undertaken. In a very short time two through routes were surveyed, both of which start from Damascus. The first crosses the southern edge of the Syrian Desert in an almost straight line, touching Bir Meloza and striking the Euphrates at Ramadi. It is the shorter of the two, — less than six hundred miles in length, — but the more dangerous, because it runs through a remote, poorly policed, entirely waterless country, and travelers are obliged to pass the night in the open air.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the British authorities favor this route, because it is only partly under French control. In the autumn of 1923 an English company inaugurated a regular service over it. Two cars depart once a week from Bagdad for Damascus. Halfway to their destination they are met by two other cars that have left Damascus the same morning for Bagdad. The travelers camp together that night in the midst of the desert, leaving the following day for their respective destinations. Only six or seven passengers are carried, so that in case of a breakdown all can continue their journey in the remaining car.

The northern route is much more interesting and pleasant. Though it is longer, it is also safer, for it lies for a considerable distance in French mandatory territories which are well policed, and it is provided with rest houses and watering-places. Last of all it possesses, besides these advantages of security and comfort, rather remarkable archæological and scenic attractions. Travelers go directly from Damascus to the famous oasis of Palmyra, over a road built in the third century by the Empress Zenobia. They pass the night at Palmyra, where they have an opportunity to visit the remarkable ruins that mark the site of the most magnificent desert capital of antiquity. The next day they go directly across the desert to the banks of the Euphrates, whose winding course is bordered by a thin line of verdure, and follow the course of the river to Hit, where they pass the night under shelter. They reach Bagdad next day at about two o'clock in the afternoon.

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So the tourist is now able to travel with speed and reasonable comfort in two or three days from the coast of the Mediterranean to the coast of the Persian Gulf, at a cost of twenty-five or thirty pounds sterling. At Bagdad he takes the railway to Basra at the mouth of the river, whence it is only a few days' steamer-journey to Bombay.

The Syrian desert offers fewer natural obstacles to vehicular traffic than does the Sahara. Its surface is not a succession of sand dunes and rocky wastes, but a crust of hard-baked soil, covered with scanty herbage. The ground is not gullied or broken — indeed it is scarcely rolling, but is a vast, level plain as far as the eye can reach. Motor-cars can maintain a high rate of speed most of the way. Our French officers stationed at Palmyra have chased in their automobiles and overtaken troops of gazelles. Either route across Syria shortens the journey to India by about eight days. It breaks the monotony of the trip, avoids the heat of the Red Sea, alternates pleasingly travel by land and travel by water, and gives a tourist the opportunity to visit Beirut, Lebanon, Damascus, the ruins of Baalbek, and the ruins of Babylon. By a short detour he can also see Jerusalem.

Although this route has been open less than two years, the number of travelers over it is increasing rapidly. The English, who are generally eager to get from Europe to India, or the reverse, in the least time possible, make great use of it. But India is not the only country to which it affords easy access; it is also the most convenient road to Persia. At present there are only two other ways to reach that country: through Russia and the Caucasus, where political disorders often cause delay and danger, or by a long and expensive detour via India and the Persian Gulf. But the new route across Syria has brought Persia close to the back door of Europe. Three days' easy travel will take a person in a motor-car from Bagdad to Teheran over the ancient highway of Darius. This historical road was put in repair by the English during the war, and is now maintained by the Persians, who fully appreciate its importance. The Shah of Persia used this route when he made his last visit to Europe. Taking his motor-car in front of his palace at Teheran, he left it six days later on the Beirut wharf, to embark on a steamer for France. Had it been necessary for him to go via the Persian Gulf and India, the journey would have required several weeks. . . .

Every great invention and discovery has soon changed the great currents of commerce. Sometimes these changes have been revolutionary. Steam navigation, for example, shifted radically the highways of sea trade. The railway did the same for land transportation. The influence of the automobile promises to be equally profound. With the airplane as its coadjutor, it is tracing a new network of communication over the whole surface of the globe. Sometimes the strands of that net, as we have just seen, will follow the pattern traced by ancient highways. In other cases they will take directions of which we did not dream and do not dream as yet. It has become trite to say that the world is growing smaller. Distances that would have seemed intimidating to our fathers will look insignificant indeed to our children.

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THE LISTENER

BY ASHLEY DUKES

From the *New Statesman, August* 23
(London Labor Weekly)

[Ashley Dukes is a young English dramatic critic who has devoted especial attention to the modern Continental dramatists whose reputations are just beginning to spread beyond their own countries. He is Ernst Toller's English translator and author of *The Youngest Drama*, a series of sketches of fifty dramatists.]

Mr. Horatio Chard, scraping the bowl of his pipe with a penknife, leaned against the Park railings and ran his eye over the passing crowd. It still wanted ten minutes to the hour at which he was timed to begin his address. The folding rostrum, on the desk of which his argumentative elbows had left their impression, was propped behind him. His shabby assistant, who carried it on Sundays to and from its storehouse in the Edgware Road, was stamping about to warm his feet. A few yards away an orator was already in the full spate of eloquence; farther on the dissolution of some earlier meeting had formed little knots of eavesdroppers, leaning to catch an echo of some obscure debate. A woman's voice came fitfully on the wind from some remoter gathering; a colored exponent of Eastern mysticism addressed a single nursemaid and her belated perambulator; 'Abide with Me' was sung by a distant assembly of the devout. Gray-coated guardsmen drifted massively from speaker to speaker with the impartiality proper to servants of the Crown.

To Mr. Chard this pageant of his fellows was familiar. He judged the promenaders with an expert eye. He was aware that somewhere among the crowd moved plain-clothes policemen, who would loom up suddenly at any breach of public decorum; and also that somewhere lurked agents of the various societies engaged in open-air propaganda. In one's own audience might be such an inspector, observing not only the orator's punctuality, but also his performance of the appointed task. The more Mr. Chard thought of inspectors the less he liked them. He finished scraping his pipe, and mounted the rostrum at the stroke of the hour. For a few seconds he stood silent, his hair ruffled by the breeze, his arms outstretched as if to embrace the moving multitude. Then he spoke. 'Friends!' exclaimed Mr. Chard, and paused again; and the shabby assistant, turning up his coat-collar to face the real business of the evening, said, 'Hear, hear!'

The speaker was in good voice that evening, and within five minutes had robbed the neighboring propagandist of half his hearers. Early in his discourse he discovered an interrupter of the opposite party, on whom he practised his favorite arts. He would lean forward with mock-respectful attention to catch what this individual had to say; he would listen with a knowing smile and an eye roving over the remainder of his audience; then, with the impressiveness of a judge, he would sum up the heretical opinion; and finally, with the ease of a practised debater, he

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would sit upon his adversary's head and look about him for the applause that should greet so complete a triumph.

This feat performed, Mr. Chard turned to the serious work of oratory. He had proved his mettle; now he would display his graces. He had shown humor; the time had come for sincerity. The audience was larger than ever, and recruits from unpopular or abandoned meetings joined its fringe. The speaker felt himself inspired by the importance of the occasion. The strolling pedestrians assumed the character of a spectacle unfolded before his eyes. The Park, he felt, was no longer simply a lung of London; it was an oasis of thought in a desert of reality. In the midst of this bodily vitality of the metropolis he, Horatio Chard, was a sentient soul. He possessed the spirit that should animate this clay of corporate life. He felt himself transfigured by the passion of eloquence. He spoke in allegory, and the rostrum was vibrant with gesture. He asked a rhetorical question, and the very traffic of the Marble Arch seemed to pause for a reply. Indeed, Mr. Chard was progressing admirably until his eyes, moving from face to face, met those of the Listener.

All men who gather round a platform and a voice may be called listeners, but this man plainly stood apart. His modest stature and ordinary dress only emphasized the distinction of his features; beside him the rest of the gathering had an air of stolid cattle crammed into some invisible pen. This listener's face was luminous with understanding. At some passages he would vigorously nod agreement with the speaker's opinion; at others his half-closed eyes seemed to mark an emotional response. When Mr. Chard became aware of this listener he was at first flattered, and then disquieted. Educated strollers with their calm and superior smile he knew already, but this was not one of them. With the winks and grimaces of loutish satirists he was familiar, but here appeared the benevolence of an archangel. Decidedly this individual made him uncomfortable. He paused in the middle of a sentence, at a loss for a word, and still the stranger's benignant countenance nodded comprehension. He hurried through a peroration composed of all the tags of rhetoric he could muster, and still the intelligent eyes were fixed upon him with a childlike faith.

When he descended from the rostrum, to the accompaniment of his assistant's hearty applause, Mr. Chard felt more than usually relieved by the fulfillment of the weekly task. The excitement of being a public character had evaporated; he wished to savor the joys of privacy. He had already handed over the rostrum to the other's care, and was on the point of slipping into the ranks of the crowd, when he felt a tap on his shoulder and, turning, encountered a smile of gratitude and an outstretched hand.

The stranger spoke with deep emotion of the address to which he had just listened. In the whole course of his life he did not remember being so carried away by any speaker. It was by the purest accident that he had strolled into the Park that evening, but he would never forget the impression that these ringing words had made upon him. Might he inquire in which direction Mr. Chard was walking? It would be a privilege to be allowed to bear him company, and to talk of these matters that were next both their hearts. The orator thought of his pipe and his stroll. Instinctively he felt that the superior ground of the platform should not be exchanged for the equality of private intercourse. But his listener would not be denied. Together they turned their backs upon the

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Park and followed the twilit Edgware Road.

It was soon evident that the stranger was an enthusiast for the Cause. He addressed his fellow worker with the deference due to intellect, but himself took his stand upon the right of sturdy conviction. He was no orator, indeed, and said so more than once; but sincerity resounded in his genial tones and shone behind his spectacles as he paused to ask his companion, Was he not right? Did not Mr. Chard think that this view of the matter was just? Mr. Chard grew more and more restive as the tide of the other's volubility threatened to engulf him. The gorge of a good trades-unionist rose at the thought of so much overtime — unpaid at that — being worked in a highly skilled profession.

Presently he realized with dismay that they had reached the borough of Paddington, whose Sunday closing-time for licensed premises was the unconscionably early hour of nine. We are creatures of habit. Eight o'clock invariably found Mr. Chard installed in the corner of a saloon bar, where he rested from the labors of the day and had never been known to join in an argument or even to express an opinion. Could he reasonably ask his companion to have a drink with him? A glance assured him that he could not. The older man, his face beaming, was deep in the elaboration of a thesis. And of what use was one drink? Mr. Chard bitterly asked himself. He felt the need for steady and copious absorption. The thought of going to bed dry enraged him.

The walkers had reached an arm of the Regent's Canal, that mysterious waterway of North London in whose depths fishermen, however numerous, have never been known to get a bite. As if by consent they halted together and leaned over the parapet sensing the faint odor of oil cake that arose from a moored barge. To the mind of the stranger the scene was pregnant with illustration. He invited his companion to consider the multitude of stars mirrored in the calm waters, and to meditate upon the finite nature of man's mind. To Mr. Chard, as he heard these echoes of his own discourse, came very different reflections. He thought of the many people who must at various times have perished by drowning in this canal. He wondered if it would be easy to push the philosopher, who was inclined to be portly, over the parapet. He imagined the ensuing scene: the cry, the splash, and his own smart retirement to the corner of the Harrow Road, where he would board a passing omnibus. Should he risk it? He shivered as the actual possibility loomed up. Alas, his was not the stuff of which murderers are made. Besides, the fellow could most likely swim; he remembered that fat men floated easily.

Still the even, benevolent voice of the speaker droned at his side. There must be some means of silencing this man, thought his exasperated hearer. There must even be some means crueler and more refined than downright homicide. Mr. Chard grew malicious. He began to feel a hatred for the other's moral qualities — for the simplicity of his faith in human nature, for the benevolence that streamed from his spectacled visage. Suppose one slit the gullet of his ideals? Suppose one confounded him by crushing his illusions? Suppose those mild and amiable eyes suddenly filled with horror? Suppose the blameless rabbit transfixed by the eye of the malignant serpent? Mr. Chard's mind was made up. He endured a little longer the flow of verbosity; then, as the stranger paused for breath, he interjected sharply the single word, 'Humbug!'

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'I beg your pardon?' inquired the other, turning to him with polite surprise. The shadow of a disillusionment seemed already to darken the mild refulgence of his eyes. Mr. Chard repeated the word. 'Humbug! Not you — me. Gammon — flimflam — all my eye. I'm paid for it — see? There are fools enough in the world to pay me three quid a week to diddle you. See? Three quid a week, for Sundays only. See? And you lap it up! You ought to know better at your age. Mother's milk straight from the tin — pah! But you are n't paid for it — nor worth it, either. No blinking gift of gab about you, is there? What call have you to lift up your voice and bleat about the stars? What harm have the stars ever done to you? Who put all the secondhand ideas into your soft skull? Why me, and fellows like me, who get three quid a week for it — or ten quid, I dare say, when they write for the papers. Go home and think about it. D' ye hear me? Think! Get along with you! Shoo! *Shoo!* Shoo!'

A brief pause, and the stranger was gone. Polite to the last, he raised his hat to his companion and host; and he seemed about to utter a word of farewell when emotion made him speechless. At his departure Mr. Chard breathed deep satisfaction. The evening, he felt, had not been altogether lost. He had even the creditable sense of having, for once, made a clean breast of it. He wondered whether the confessional gave as much pleasure to the penitent. On his way home he whistled merrily.

Two mornings later he received a letter from the offices of his Society, couched in the following terms: —

Sir,— In view of the expression of your views with which you favored our President, Mr. Emanuel, on Sunday evening last, we shall have no further occasion for your services in the capacity of open-air lecturer. A check for the current month's fees is enclosed. Kindly acknowledge receipt.

Yours truly,

————, Secretary.

P.S. — The return of your rostrum to this office will oblige.

Mr. Chard read this missive over and over. At last, with a deep sigh, he took his hat from a peg and set out for the public library, to consult a register of propagandist societies. The opposite faction might find him useful.

MUCH IN LITTLE

BY CHARLES DALMON

[*London Mercury*]

The mighty oak-tree from an acorn towers;
A tiny seed can fill a field with flowers;
One bell alone tolls out the death of kings;
In every Sussex skylark Shelley sings.

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A VISIT TO D'ANNUNZIO

BY J. M. H.

From the *Dublin Magazine, June*
(IRISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

A TWO-STORIED house with green shutters at Cargnacco, above the Lake of Garda. From its windows the all-but-island Sirmio, home of an earlier Latin poet, is visible on the farther shore, and to the north snow-topped mountains close in on Riva. It is here that Gabriele d'Annunzio, Commandant (*Il Commandante*), Poet, and Prince, has pitched his tent, after a life in the great world accomplished above that of any living man.

Below Cargnacco is Gardone-Riviera, a famous climatic station. These mountains, the lower Alps, are those which in Dante's phrase *serra Lamagna* and the boats carry each day down the lake their freight of German tourists from the Brenner Pass. Beyond Sirmio, in the Venetian plain, is Decenzano, on one of the great international trunk-lines: Paris, Orient Express, direct in eighteen hours. D'Annunzio in three years has not been tempted to move. If he did move, it would not be by boat or train. Last autumn an airplane had been prepared to carry him to Paris direct from the Vittoriale in his garden. But owing to what he described to me as a 'lover's tiff' with France he did not go. The airplane went, and was lost in the Alps.

A.E. had told me: 'It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for anyone to get into the presence of d'Annunzio. When he was King of Fiume he lived in a kind of secret majesty which excluded all journalists and even his own chief officers and ministers, but the common soldier could always get at him.' I was received at Cargnacco, as an Irishman. He wrote me a noble invitation to his house, for is not Ireland 'one of the countries of his free soul'? 'You know, and your people know, my courageous fervor for your cause. . . . Come, then, to-morrow, and partake of my Franciscan repast. My bread and my salt are but the signs of the highest fraternity.'

The villa is of simple origins. It may once have been a farmhouse. A German, Thode, a distinguished art-critic, and the son-in-law of Cosima Wagner, appreciated its position and possibilities, bought house and garden, and lived there before the war. The Austrian frontier at that time was very close — Riva, at the head of the lake, was an Austrian town — and the whole lake was somewhat overcolonized by strangers. Lake Garda has always been the favorite Italian lake of the Germans as Maggiore is that of the English. Goethe entered Italy this way, and it is thought that he refers to Garda in his lines, *Kennst du das Land?* In modern times rich Germans built, organized, and spent much money here; but d'Annunzio chose well in preferring to purchase, among the sequestrated property, Thode's simple house to any of the magnificent villas of departed millionaires. House and garden, under his care, have become one of the little wonders of Italy.

He was living in the Landes, in the southwest of France, in 1914, and returned to Italy with the support of the interventionists. He made his famous

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speeches at Quarto, near Genoa, — the spot from which Garibaldi sailed with his ten thousand, — and at Rome, speeches which brought Italy into the war. His great personal exploits during the struggle belong to history. And among the interventionists of all countries he was the first to perceive the deception of the peoples proposed by the politicians of the victorious nations, and to denounce the scandals of Versailles. His seizure of Fiume was the appropriate gesture. He legislated there, like a ruler of the Renaissance, for six months. The Treaty of Rapallo between Italy and Yugoslavia in the autumn of 1920 recovered a part of Italy's rights, but it required d'Annunzio's submission, and to avoid fratricidal strife he left the Adriatic and reached Gardone with a little company of the faithful. Why he chose Gardone for his home I do not know — it is not one of the characteristic places of Italy. Still, another great poet of Latin race came once to this lake — Catullus, and he too was in mourning.

His patriotism has since been recognized by nation and King, and he has received the title of Prince — *Principe di Monte Nevoso,* a mountain on the new confines of Italy. But he remains *Commandante* to those who fought at Fiume; and for others, readers of his lovely and copious verse, the Poet, most immortal title of all.

We were shown, my friend Lieutenant Barilli and I, — Barilli is a young man who, after fighting in the war, joined d'Annunzio at Fiume, and became one of his devoted legionaries, — into a small room off a still smaller hall: a room full of strange and precious things, dark and heavily perfumed with sandalwood. A little lamp burns by a jet of water, and on a reading-desk, lying open, is an ancient book. Set around the walls are seats like pews. The general effect, it is easy to see, like every object in the place, has a symbolical intention — symbolical of what? Of erudite æstheticism in one part; of sacrificial patriotism in the other. Or one might imagine that one had entered into the sanctum of some luxurious hermit who cultivates his religious curiosities. We had read over the door of the house the words in letters of gold: *Clausura, Silentium;* and it has been well said that the Poet came here from turbulent Fiume to defend his work, his books, his memories, and his liberty, to escape the heat of the sun and the winter rages.

Max Beerbohm has written an essay on the Entrances of great men. He cites the case of Leigh Hunt, who kept a young visitor waiting for two hours, finally appearing with the words: 'This is a lovely world, Mr. Patmore.' Two hours is too long; but obviously the host must not be in the room when the visitor is shown in, for that would be like a play in which an Irving should appear when the curtain rises. I believe that d'Annunzio has studied this problem carefully, and that he has different styles for different visitors. Me he kept waiting not more than five minutes, and his greeting was effective by reason of its simplicity. He did not, as he sometimes does, start the proceedings with a dramatic statement. 'You see, I am as poor as you, Brother,' he told the Franciscan monk who, calling on him at Cargnacco, had been kept waiting for an hour in a bare room. I had an impression at once of youthfulness — to think that the novel of his I had just been reading, *Il Piacere,* one of the best known, is dated 1889, and seemed at that period to be the culmination of decadent dandyism in literature! — and even, though he is a small man, with a colorless skin and bald, of a physical superiority.

Time has not touched his charm. His limpid voice is low and exquisitely

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modulated. He spoke in French, quickly and clearly, and in a manner as if we were resuming a conversation lately broken off. His exact words — used in describing his devotion to the Irish cause, or some personal exploit at Fiume, or the book on religions which he is writing — might sound, if transcribed, magniloquent and egoistic, at least to Northern ears. But, in effect, no one is less pompous than d'Annunzio. He imposes himself without effort; it is the art which conceals art. Nor is he one of those egoists to whom one listener is the same as another, all of them alike subjects on whom to display cleverness or practise ideas, but the man whose manners know how to conquer the hearts of all, great and simple. And it is from good manners that he will describe you — as his mood now is — as 'my brother in hope,' 'partisan like me in the good cause' — knowing that men prefer capture by the imagination to capture by the will and intellect.

But I had been prepared for all that fascination from the accounts of others — some of whom had met him prejudiced in advance for private or public reasons. He is the greatest of living poets. He is the most accomplished of living men: writer, soldier, statesman, orator, musician, worker in precious metals, sportsman. With it all he has retained a boyish spirit and sense of fun. This man has had a worldly success above that of any man living — literary glory, political and military fame, the love of women, money, have all been his. But he is still amused — by himself and by others.

We lunched in a larger room under the shadow of a great Buddha. Shelves higher on the walls were occupied by the effigies of saints. He drew my attention to a beautiful mask of a woman, prominently displayed in this room, with a jewel set in the forehead, his own work. D'Annunzio is very clever with his hands, and takes great pride in all that he has done himself for his house, the first house that he has owned. Could I get him commissions as a worker in precious metals? We spoke of W. B. Yeats, President Wilson, — 'I was the first to find him out; I denounced him three weeks before the Armistice,' — H. G. Wells, Shaw. Wells's dreams of a new world are distasteful to him, as was the Anglo-Saxon mentality of President Wilson. But of Shaw — his antithesis as man and artist — he spoke with respect. He had found, he said, something Latin in the structure of Yeats's genius, as also in Yeats's view of literature — one of the few Northern writers in whom he, being so much of an Italian, did not scent the barbarian.

He alluded to an essay in which Yeats had spoken of the literary passage of words down the centuries, with their accumulation of symbolism and suggestion. Yeats, he said, had quoted in this essay the epitaph of an unknown Greek. He looked for the exact words; I remembered, and could give them to him: 'I was a servant of the Lord God of war, and I knew the lovely arts of the Muses' — the which, assuredly, would be highly appropriate for d'Annunzio's own epitaph, on that tomb which he has prepared for himself on the Adriatic, in Pescara, his native place.

He had been surprised by the Nobel Committee's award of their prize to Yeats. One does not always respect their judgment; but this was one of the occasions on which they had acted *avec noblesse*. He ran on to other subjects, and back again to Ireland. 'When I spoke of Terence MacSwiney, at Fiume, on the night of his death, all my legionaries wept. You have read my orations at Fiume.' I reminded him that his political speeches had been boycotted by the English press agen-

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cies. 'Then I shall have them translated and published in Dublin.'

It is Byron's centenary year. Byron, whose career resembles d'Annunzio's in certain respects, died in a distant country. Had Ireland any big generally accepted chief now? No? Would he suit? With a smile: 'I should like to go to Dublin, as I do not want to die in my bed.' 'But would I get a good reception there? Like the Irish, I am not afraid of death; but I would not care to have my bones broken. You remember' — turning to Barilli — 'that night in the crowd at Milan?'

I would find it difficult to say how far d'Annunzio is really *au fait* with our affairs and our history. They have probably never been the object of his study; but I imagine he has an astonishing memory, and that nothing he has been told does he ever forget.

'Oh yes, I know about Gogarty,' he said, 'when Boni — the famous Roman archæologist — was in your country . . .' I had mentioned these names in a letter to him, and thought at first that he was repeating what I had written. But an allusion to Boni's visit to Tara and his subsequent discovery by analogy of Romulus's legendary cromlech at Rome — things I had not mentioned in my letter — showed me that I was wrong.

Tone and Russell he described, acutely enough, as the founders of the modern tradition of Irish revolt. They had introduced the notion of national unity. I said it seemed a pity we should now be quarreling over the names Free State and Republic, and incidentally destroying our economic strength, seeing that whatever we may be called politically our dependence or independence in regard to our neighbor will depend mainly on our economic power as compared with England's. It was not our strength, but our weakness, which had caused the English to withdraw from Ireland, and since their departure we had weakened ourselves still further by destruction of our wealth. But, I asked, did he think there was a future for any small nation? Yes, he replied, only just now there is a wave of reaction everywhere. His political ideas do not altogether correspond with those of Mussolini; he is more eclectic; he has a greater faith in man.

Young men about him think that he is destined to save the peoples. They say there is no other man in Europe who could make idealists, after their disillusion, believe once more. If I had not known it before, allusions in his conversation would have shown me how far he is from those materialist dreams of national expansion attributed to him in the foreign press. He does not desire that modern Italy shall slavishly imitate the British Empire, or even the ancient Roman. He regards his action at Fiume as primarily an assertion of the spirit of man against new oppressions worse than the old. The Yugoslav Empire — though this he did not say — is built, as the Austro-Hungarian was, on force and the submergence of nationalities, and has not the merit, as the Austro-Hungarian had, of a civilized tradition and a gift for government. It is the achievement of France and England, for once united, and Italy's recent treaty with Yugoslavia — so belauded in the English press — is a piece of 'realism' as false as was her former association with the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

After lunch we passed through one of his bookrooms on the way to the garden. He has 70,000 volumes — it must be the largest private library in the world. Unlike most authors, d'Annunzio is a collector of books, a bibliophile, and also a great reader. Among other European writers probably only Anatole France equals him in erudition. He referred with pride to the immensity of his vocabulary; and it is Shakespearean

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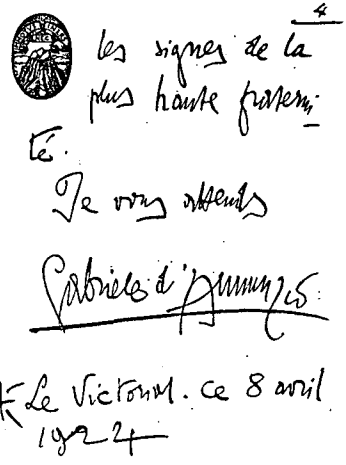
in extent. In the English section of his library I noticed that editions of Shakespeare and Fielding were prominent. He reads English perfectly, but has never accustomed himself to the colloquial language. Outside the house, stacked up against the wall of a courtyard, were numbers of ancient mural tablets and the like, relics from the devastated regions, with those Latin inscriptions on them which interest him so much.

His famous 'Arena,' the Vittoriale, is close by, in a little wood. It consists of a circular stone seat, with a high column in the centre, and without, among the trees, many other columns, each with its own significance. Some of them are crowned with shells. They represent Italian victories in the war, and other events or ideals that are to his pleasure. Soon he will raise a column to Ireland, and he would like to have inscribed on it a Gaelic war-cry. I could think only of 'Eire Abu,' which, banal though it sounds to us, pleased him, lover of the recondite phrase, quite well. We must find him a better, for he has bequeathed Cargnacco to the nation, and this property will, in years to come, be a place of pilgrimage, where scholars will dispute.

The garden, like most others at Gardone, is steeply terraced, planted with cypresses, flowering trees, and laurels, and designed chiefly for showing off various aspects of the lake. One passes from it into a wood with a river and steep ravine. This is an accession to what was Thode's property; d'Annunzio told me that he had bought it cheaply — for forty-eight sous a metre. 'Yet I have been called extravagant.' He has constructed several bridges — on one of them he has put four carven hares, for hunting the hare is a sport of which he once was fond. Another bridge is named the Bridge of Supplications. He now went ahead, and stood with hat in hand waiting for me to pass. You drop a penny in his hat, and make a wish silently. When Chicherin, the delegate from the Soviet, visited d'Annunzio, he went through this procedure, and afterward telegraphed from Moscow that his wish had been realized. I do not know how many reactionaries had been hung.



D'Annunzio's Seal and Autograph

The waterfall a little farther on was partly devised by d'Annunzio, and the stiff paling of bamboo along the slope, where the path runs upward toward the house, is also the poet's work, though aided by his gardener, Virgil — 'It is not my fault, his name.' No one is idle at Cargnacco, and Virgil's assistants are at this moment busy laying the foundations of a kitchen garden where good fruit is to grow, for d'Annunzio has observed, as foreigners do, that one cannot buy good fruit in Italy. And he must have as good fruit as he ate when he was in London. We are back again at the house, and he holds out to me one of those carefully selected gifts which he gives to his visitors with a royal courtesy. But the telephone bells are ringing, and now he must devote some hours to his work — rather unusual work for a Prince — as head of a

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trades-union. He has recently become sole and effective Chief of the great Seamen's Federation of Genoa.

I was to hear from him again. A celebration in his honor was given at Gardone, with a lecture on his book, *Per l'Italia degli Italiani;* and he wrote, in allusion to this, to the lecturer, to Barilli, to myself: 'My dear companions, two of my race and of my war,' the third of that distant race which with Saint Patrick 'had a hero on the path to Rome transfigured by love.' That day he was full of pride in his solitude — pride of the author — and he signed himself *Scrittore,* not *Commandante.* He had finished a new book, and consigned it into the hands of the publisher. He quoted its conclusion: a 'dialogue of convalescence' between a mother and son. The son says: 'Was not all my long ill a victory over myself?' And the mother: 'Admit that I helped you to sustain your victory.' And the son: 'Why would you reduce me? Am I not enough, alone?'

So the Poet is enough, alone: no one can celebrate him but himself. *Basta solo, o compagni, come nel Carnaro, a toccar a me solo.*

MY FLEDGLING ATTORNEY

BY ARKADII AVERCHENKO

From *El Sol, February 2*
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

My young friend rushed up to me, his face illuminated with a joyful smile. 'Congratulate me! I have just passed my bar examination!'

'Honestly?'

'On my word of honor.' And he looked serious.

'You're not joking?'

He grew more serious.

'My friend,' he answered with a sudden access of dignity, 'men who, like myself, have been chosen to defend the honor of the law, do not joke. The protectors of the helpless, the buttresses of our great juristic traditions, the priests of the temple of justice are not permitted to joke.' Then, regarding me silently for a moment to see whether I was properly impressed, he added: 'Do you happen to need the services of an attorney?'

I struck my forehead with my hand. 'Do I need one? We newspaper editors are constant objects of persecution. Next week I've got to go to court on account of an item I published, describing the brutality of a policeman.'

'What did the policeman do?'

'He beat up a Jew with a club.'

'I don't understand. It was the policeman who beat the Jew with the club. Why do you go to court?'

'Because it isn't permitted to publish news that reflects on the authorities. Of course it was a private beating, not intended to be public.'

'Good. Give your case to me, though it is a difficult one, a very difficult one.'

'Only too happy. What is your fee?'

'The fee that attorneys usually collect.'

'But I should rather like to know more definitely.'

'Ten per cent, man!'

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'So if they send me to jail for three months you'll serve nine days in place of me? I'll give you fifty per cent.'

The budding attorney asked imperturbably: 'Aren't you going to demand damages?'

'From whom? From the court? From the policeman? From the Jew who was beaten up and is therefore in a way the cause of my trouble?'

The young attorney's confidence was a bit shaken.

'Who will pay me, then? You see, I can't work for nothing. My diploma has cost a pretty penny!'

'But as this is a political trial —'

'But don't the attorneys for the defense get paid in political trials?'

'No respectable attorney does.'

'Ah, so! Then I'll not take a kopeck. I'll make that sacrifice on the altar of liberty.'

'Thanks!'

'Agreed!'

When we entered the courtroom I noticed that my attorney looked a little pale — in fact so nervous that I whispered in his ear: 'Brace up, my friend!'

'I can't understand it,' he muttered with an effort to seem cool. 'The courtroom is almost empty and here we have a sensational political trial!'

In fact the only people in the public gallery were two college boys who had doubtless read in the newspaper that I was to be tried and had come to see me sentenced. Possibly they were planning an heroic rescue — who knows? They looked very determined. I could see in their eyes that they were filled with fierce hatred for the Government and with ardent love for liberty. Possibly they intended to rush me out of the room if I were sentenced and to hurry me off to Mexico or some other distant and romantic land.

'The attorney for the defense will be heard,' said the judge solemnly, as soon as the charge against me had been read.

My attorney kept on fingering his papers as if this did not interest him.

'The attorney for the defense will be heard,' said the judge a second time.

'Begin your speech,' I whispered, giving my friend a punch in the ribs.

'What? Ah, yes — in a minute!' he stammered. He rose. His knees knocked together. 'That youngster will tumble over,' I thought.

'I pe-petition the court,' he stuttered, 'to ad-adjourn the hearing.'

'Why?' asked the judge in astonishment.

'To summon witnesses.'

'For what purpose?'

'In order to prove that when the item in question was published the condemned —'

'The accused,' interrupted the judge, 'no one has been condemned yet.'

'A slip of the tongue, your honor. For the purpose of showing that when the item in question was published the condemned — I mean the accused — was not there.'

'It 's all the same, since an editor is responsible for all that is published in his paper.'

'Ah, yes, I've forgotten. Nevertheless —'

I grabbed the coat-tail of my attorney and jerked it sharply.

'Don't insist on that.'

The young man turned toward me. He was growing whiter every minute. He supported himself by his trembling hands on the table in front of him.

'Not insist on that? Well — your honor! Gentlemen of the jury!'

'There are no gentlemen of the jury. There's no jury here.'

'Makes no difference. Gentlemen of the jury, if there were any — we should have them to represent the public —'

The judge rapped sharply.

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'I insist that the attorney for the defense refrain from making a political speech.'

'Good, very good, your honor. In the heat of oratory —'

A long silence. The 'orator' was no longer simply pale, he was livid. Finally he collected himself and like a desperate gambler playing his last coin on a card he shouted: —

'Your honor! I have the honor to assert that in the alleged crime charged against my client there were exceptional conditions.'

I listened anxiously, thinking to myself: 'What exceptional conditions?'

'Explain them, then,' said the judge.

'Immediately, your honor. Your honor, my client is innocent. He is a man whom I know intimately. He's incapable of committing a crime. He's a man of the highest character.' The young attorney took a drink of water. 'On my honor, your honor, my client, who personally witnessed the police beat up —'

'I?' I protested in a low voice. 'Don't say that!'

'No? Well, I don't say, your honor, that he personally saw the police beat up this man; but, your honor, the life of our editors is a true Calvary of privations and misery. They are overwhelmed with fines and confiscations. Their lot is so hard, your honor, that they are often without a piece of bread to stay their hunger. My client, a devoted journalist, one of those journalists who make a labor of love and a case of conscience of their profession, was visited at his home by a Jew who related to him how a policeman had just clubbed him and offered my friend a sum of money to publish the report in his newspaper. The temptation, your honor, was great, and my client —'

'But, sir,' interrupted the judge in blank astonishment.

'Permit me, your honor, to continue,' shouted my attorney in a paroxysm of audacity. 'My client wrote that notice to save himself from starvation — is that a crime? I declare, with my hand on my heart, that it is not. Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoevskii also wrote to earn their daily bread and they have n't been haled into court. Justice, your honor, should be equal and the same for all. I demand that Tolstoi, Turgenev, Dostoevskii be haled into this court and sentenced at the same time as my client.'

He coughed, drank another glass of water, and, placing his hand on the left side of his chest, continued: —

'Your honor, I swear that my client has a conscience as pure as the snow that crowns the lofty summits of the Alps. He is merely a victim of the high cost of living, of poverty, of hunger. My client, gentlemen, is furthermore one of the great hopes of our literature and if you condemn him — but no! You'll not condemn him, you'll not have the heart to condemn him! Forty centuries look down upon you —'

'The defendant will speak,' said the judge, whose face began to break into an almost imperceptible, discreet smile.

I rose and spoke as follows: —

'Your honor, permit me to say a few words in defense of my attorney. He's a young man who has just passed his bar examination. What does he know of life? What did the university teach him? Outside of a few legal maxims and four or five familiar oratorical periods he knows absolutely nothing in the world. With this scholastic baggage, which he could tie in one corner of his handkerchief, he's trying to earn his living. Don't be severe with him, your honor. Have pity on the poor youth. Don't treat as a crime what is merely a fault of ignorance and innocence. Your honor, show

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Christian charity in this case. I appeal to your Christian charity and beg you to pardon him. He likewise has a life before him and he will grow wiser with time. I'm certain, your honor, that if you obey the generous impulse of your noble heart you will exonerate him in the name of true justice, in the name of true equity.'

My speech evidently made a deep impression on the court. My attorney began to wipe his eyes with his handkerchief. After taking the case into consideration, the judge said: 'The charge against the accused is dismissed.'

Anxious to have all doubts cleared off my mind, I ventured to ask: 'Which accused?'

'Both you and your attorney.'

My attorney was delighted. The two young college students seemed disappointed. Doubtless they would have preferred to see me made the victim of social injustice. My attorney and I left the courtroom and went straight to the telegraph office, where my attorney sent the following telegram: —

'Dear mother. I have just tried my first case. It was a political trial. I have been completely exonerated.'

A FAMILY DINNER IN KOREA

BY COLIN ROSS

From *Neue Freie Presse, August* 10
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

'THIS is our house,' said Mr. Wealthy White Friend-of-the-Truth. 'Unfortunately it is only a very miserable, poor house, and I must beg your pardon for my presumption in venturing to ask you to condescend to enter it.'

Apparently he was right, for we stood in front of a long windowless mud wall topped by a heavy tile roof that came down so low that it almost touched our hats. But we should not have been deceived by these unpromising appearances, even if the Benedictine Father who accompanied us had not told us beforehand that we were to visit a residence of seventy rooms belonging to one of the wealthiest families of the old Korean nobility. All Orientals build their houses to be seen from the inside and to expose an unprepossessing exterior to the street. Besides that, Mr. Wealthy White Friend-of-the-Truth's apologies were simply Oriental politeness. An Oriental host always belittles and depreciates to his guests his house, the rooms where he receives them, and the food he sets before them. For example, a Chinaman will remark apologetically, 'We have to-day, unfortunately, only a very little extremely poor food,' just before he serves a dinner of twenty-five courses.

Therefore we bowed low and told our host that we had never before been in such a big house, and that we considered it the highest of honors to be invited to enter it.

Indeed it was an honor, for it is exceedingly difficult for a foreigner to

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get entrée into a Korean home. We owed our unusual privilege to the fortunate circumstance that Mr. Wealthy White Friend-of-the-Truth was studying German under Father George, our Benedictine companion, and had promised him to show his house to the latter's German visitor.

Our host was a young attorney, so far modernized that, although he still wore the snow-white clothing universal in Korea, he had discarded the tiny horsehair hat and topknot that are equally typical features of the national garb. This costume is, by all means, the most unique that I have seen in my world-wide travels. It consists of white trousers and a long white coat coquettishly bound high around the waist with a sash. But the oddest feature is the head-covering. This consists of a tiny black top hat of stiffened horsehair, held on by a broad band under the chin, and looking like a clown's hat in a circus. The little topknot of hair on the crown of the head, which is visible through its open meshes, looks like a bird in a cage. But grotesque as this headgear is, it does not seem so ridiculous in Korea, because the people themselves are handsome, tall, well built, and have a dignified bearing.

We all were obliged to stoop over in order to pass through the low entrance, when the heavy plank door finally opened in response to our host's knocking. We first entered a small courtyard that seemed designed for a race of dwarfs instead of the broad-shouldered Koreans. We next passed through a corridor into another court — in fact into a whole series of interconnecting courts surrounded by rooms and sheds. They formed a labyrinth in which a stranger might easily lose himself.

Finally we reached a somewhat larger tiled court adorned with plants whose red blossoms contrasted sharply with the intense blue of the tile walls. The latter indicated that we were in the women's quarters.

I was greatly surprised to discover that we had been brought to a part of the house from which strangers are usually excluded, for in Korea the sexes are rigidly separated even within the family circle. Indeed, until the Japanese came and the new era began, a Korean lady of rank was more carefully guarded than even a Mohammedan woman of similar social position. In the days of the Empire women were not permitted to leave the house except at specified hours, during which the big bells that now hang silent in little cage-like houses along the principal thoroughfares were tolled to notify men to keep off the streets.

The women's building, which formed one side of the blue-tiled court, rose from a pedestal-like basement, and was approached by a broad flight of steps. This stairway and the narrow gallery that ran along the façade, together with the fact that the paper walls were folded back against the ceiling, giving an uninterrupted view of the interior, produced a cheerful and inviting effect.

A fat lady sat in the balcony, at the top of the stairs, smoking a pipe a yard long. As she continued to smoke undisturbed after we appeared on the scene we knew she was a matron. We were told that the Koreans do not permit their women to smoke in public or in their own presence until they are sixty years old.

We removed our shoes and were ceremoniously conducted to a reception room where we looked around in vain for a place to sit. In spite of my familiarity with Japan I was momentarily at a loss; for even in that country *katamis* — silk cushions — are generally provided, while here there was nothing but the bare floor. In spite of that, it is more comfortable to sit in a Korean house than in a Japanese house,

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especially in cold weather, for in Japan the rooms are fearfully cold in spite of the *hibachi*, or charcoal braziers, while Korean houses are warmed by flues.

This system of central heating is like that of ancient Rome. A fire is built in a fire box beneath the house, and the smoke and warm air are conducted under the floor to a chimney on the opposite side. The floor consists of stone flags laid in a sort of pottery clay and covered with oiled paper. The Korean sits, eats, and sleeps on this oiled paper; he does not even have a mattress for a bed, but lies upon the hard floor with a wooden pillow, though usually the part of the floor used for sleeping is slightly higher than the rest.

We seated ourselves in the middle of the room and admired the brass-bound chests that stood against the wall. Food was brought. According to the custom of the country only the men ate with us, while the women sat around the wall and watched us.

Before eating we had been taken through the kitchen and the service rooms, where we got glimpses of our coming fare that caused us some misgivings. A Korean kitchen is a very simple institution. In a humble house the rice kettle is simply set over the fire box that heats the rooms; and even in wealthier homes the cooking is done in an open shed. Supplies are kept in a still more primitive way. The family provisions are stored, for the most part, in great crockery jars as high as a man, the staple being *kimche*, which consists of soured vegetables and fish heavily fermented.

Consequently we were pleasantly surprised when a charming little servingmaid arranged a number of copper basins on the floor in front of us, each of which contained a tasty and palatable dish. The only thing at which I hesitated was a brown gluey mass that I finally tried, at the urgent solicitation of my host, and discovered to be excellent honey.

While we ate, the numerous women of the Wealthy White Friend-of-the-Truth family watched us. They all wore spotless white garments, including coats girded tightly around the waist and short jackets.

In truth, several families occupied this ancestral home together, living in common, as is customary in Korea, at the expense of the head of the house. To see us dining in honor and the women, including our host's mother, modestly watching us might give the impression that women hold a very subordinate position in Korea; but we soon discovered that a mother rules with a strong hand even over her adult sons.

I wished to take some photographs of a Korean dancing school, an institution for which Seoul is famous, and asked our host if he could take us to one. He readily assented, but his mother promptly interposed her veto. My host looked dreadfully embarrassed and stammered regretfully that he could not accompany us. A Korean dancing school is not exactly an improper place, neither is it a highly moral institution; and our attorney friend, whose four children we had just admired, felt he could not visit one against his mother's wishes.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE INFINITE PROLONGATION OF JONES

BY W. S. J.

[*The Child of Time*]

JONES goes each day to Mincing Lane,
  Tube, office, chop at one,
Office once more, and tube again,
  And Jones's day is done.

Comes dinner, evening paper, and
  Eight hours beside his wife,
Breakfast and tube — one day may stand
  For Jones's yearly life.

On Sundays in his church he prays,
  He prays with slumbrous eye:
'Grant me, Almighty, length of days,
  And then Eternity!'

EYES ON THE WOLD

BY KENNETH ASHLEY

[*Up Hill and Down Dale*]

VERY spacious are the fields and the views far,
One would think a man there would scarce a neighbor know,
As the eye goes searching they seem so few and far,
The tiny teams that plough there moving grave and slow,
As the little horses go gravely up and down,
Up and down and back again all the long day through,
From the early morning until mid-afternoon.
Of aught beyond the furrow one would deem they nothing knew;
But if across the vale there a team is led away
And a plough left idle half an hour too soon,
A cunning eye shall see it, and as who should say
'See, one goes away there!' comes a sudden neigh.

The fields are very spacious and the views very wide,
And steadily and readily the little horses go.
But anything that stirs or haps in all that valley-side —
Who cuts, who ploughs, and why and when, the little horses know.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MORE 'WILHELM MEISTER'

In December 1909, Professor Billeter of Zurich was asked to examine a voluminous manuscript. It was entitled *The Sorrows of Young Werther* and bore Goethe's name as the author. Further examination revealed that this information was erroneous, for the pages that followed dealt with Wilhelm Meister and the material was quite new. The mystery was cleared up when the Professor came to the third sheaf in his huge bundle and found it inscribed: *The Theatrical Vocation of Wilhelm Meister.*

During Goethe's first trip to Switzerland in 1775 he had met a Madame Barbara Schoenenhof, to whom he took a great fancy. He was occupied at the time and for many succeeding years with writing chapters of *Wilhelm Meister*, which he would send to his mother as soon as they were finished and ask her to send on to Madame Schoenenhof, who enjoyed the narrative so much that she copied it off. The original versions of these chapters the author presumably destroyed along with the plan of the entire work.

The importance of the discovery of Madame Schoenenhof's version lies in the fact that it represents Goethe's talents in his late twenties and early thirties. His *Wanderjahre*, although actually written when he was at that age, was revised some twenty years later and thus lost much of its original flavor.

What brings the whole matter up now is that a French translation of *The Theatrical Vocation of Wilhelm Meister* is about to appear with a preface by Michel Arnauld, some of which has already been published in *Figaro*. M. Arnauld devotes most of his space and energy to a long Back to Goethe plea, asserting that Goethe, unlike so many moderns, wrote for all time and that we have not yet fully grasped the meaning of all he had to say. Be this as it may, it is scarcely worth while discussing this aspect of the book here. M. Arnauld's remarks on the contents themselves are rather more to the point: —

'Now that we possess the *Theatrical Vocation*, we can see what distinguishes it from the *Years of Apprenticeship*. We find naïveté, freshness of detail, an abundant background, long discourses, as well as a richness of language and dialect that is lost in translation. But the most important difference is in the way the story is composed. It is less learned but more straightforward; it sweeps us along with greater force. . . . The novelist takes great liberties, but with the devices that he uses he throws us at his will into the midst of any situation and comes back to the intervening parts of the narrative at his pleasure. . . .

'Wilhelm at first loved the theatre as a whole on account of its appearance. He has to learn about the insides of it as a serious piece of work that cannot be undertaken without steady application and careful study. It is a far cry from a Punch and Judy show to a theatre with real people in it, and perhaps a still further cry from a troupe of barnstormers who give farces and popular drama to a well disciplined and organized company that can produce *Hamlet* without being ridiculous. At the point where we leave Meister, he has a long way to go if he is ever to succeed as a theatrical manager who serves a great art and the cause of public education.'

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M. Arnauld will be neither disappointed nor surprised if the fame which this book is certain to win sends some of us back to the complete works of Goethe — always available and too frequently unread.

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EDWARD CARPENTER AT EIGHTY

EDWARD CARPENTER'S eightieth birthday, celebrated some weeks ago, provoked considerable discussion in the radical wing of the English press. The *New Statesman* printed an essay entitled 'An Eminent Victorian,' in which some of the high-lights of Carpenter's career are set forth for the edification of those who are pleased to call themselves modern.

In 1868 a volume of selections from Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* fell into the hands of a rather unhappy Fellow of Trinity Hall College, Cambridge, and it blew his world to pieces. The young man in question was Edward Carpenter who, before coming across the good gray bard, had tried out the Church of England, having been ordained a priest, much to the distress of the Bishop of Ely, who thought that the young man's views hardly coincided with the Thirty-Nine Articles, but could not put his finger upon the exact places where divergence was suspected. The Bishop's fears turned out to be only too well founded, for in a short time Carpenter had followed the example of Froude and Leslie Stephen, and had taken advantage of the Gladstonian Act, which permitted the unfrocking of a priest. He promptly turned to University Extension work, Walt Whitman, the lecture platform, and the United States, where he was imbued with his doctrine of simple-life socialism at the feet of the great Walt himself.

The years that followed saw the first inroads on Gladstonian Liberalism and the birth of the Fabian Society. Carpenter returned to the land and took up his pen. From 1880 to 1900, however, few London publishers could mention without a blush the name of the author of *Love's Coming of Age*, *The Art of Creation*, *The Drama of Love and Death*, whose views on sex were considered outrageous.

But the next twenty years were much harder; noisier and more revolutionary prophets had appeared, and Carpenter's opinions had soon acquired an almost Victorian flavor by comparison, although the man himself had swallowed modern psychology and kept abreast of the times generally. There are those who argue that Carpenter anticipated Bernard Shaw's attacks on modern science; but it is unlikely that the mental processes of the two men would find much in common, Carpenter with his devotion to the wisdom of the East, which grew on him as time went on, and Shaw with his strenuous common-sense.

Unlike many of his disciples, Edward Carpenter has a sense of humor; he also drinks wine and eats the flesh of animals with Chestertonian relish. His books were important in the great battle against Victorianism, in which he took as active a part as Samuel Butler himself. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, one month after hostilities had begun, Carpenter predicted the fate of both Germany and Russia with remarkable accuracy. It is also curious that he never regarded the war as an overwhelming calamity

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A LOTI MANUSCRIPT

LITERARY Paris was agog a week or two ago over the disappearance of an unpublished manuscript by Pierre Loti which contains the original impressions and notes of scenes and incidents in Turkey which were later worked up into the novel *Aziyadé*. The novelist's

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son, Samuel Viaud, who retains the family name which his celebrated father practically abandoned in favor of his pseudonym, had handed the manuscript to M. Daniel Jacomet, who was to prepare it for photographic reproduction, after which the manuscript was to be published in facsimile. M. Jacomet inadvertently left his precious burden in a taxicab — that classic repository of lost valuables. A reward of one thousand francs was immediately offered, and presently a Parisian jeweler found it and restored it to the publishers.

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS

SOMEONE on the London *Outlook's* staff has been amusing himself with a statistical checking-up of English and American books. Here are his results.

Every now and then we hear complaints about the flooding of the English market with American books. To be sure, many more American books are published here than when Sydney Smith asked his supercilious question, 'Who reads an American book?' and I cannot say that I greatly regret this, for a lot of good books are published in America every year that are quite justifiably reprinted here. But when it comes to the interchange of books between this country and America we are still well in advance.

The other day I came across a stray copy of the *New York Times Book Review*, and amused myself with checking up the publishers' display advertising. There were roughly one hundred and fifty titles: of these seventy-four were of British authorship or origin, and ninety-six American. When there was any doubt — no one can remember offhand the nationality of authors, especially of novelists — the book was credited to America. It should also be remembered that these lists included a considerable number of books that naturally would be of either purely local or ephemeral American interest. Considering also the difference in population between Britain and America, roundly forty million to over one hundred million, I do not think we come off so badly in the exchange.

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MODERN DRUIDS IN STONEHENGE

ALL good Englishmen are up on their ears over a recent move of the so-called Church of the Universal Bond. This is the official name of a group of Modern Druids who have horrified the editorial pages of the London *Times* by securing permission to bury the ashes of all their dead in Stonehenge. Mr. Jowett, the First Commissioner of Public Works, apparently saw no reason why members of this order should not be allowed to use as a burying-ground the place they have for years regarded as their peculiar religious centre. Since 1919 they have been permitted to assemble there for religious purposes; but there appears to be a real distinction between using the historic ground for a meeting-place and for a cemetery, even though it is stipulated that the ground suffer no serious disturbance.

Lord Balcarres, President of the Society of Antiquaries, has — like all good Englishmen in distress — written about it to the *Times*, and the *Times* in turn has been obliging enough to print an editorial in his support. The Antiquaries claim that many valuable excavations will be rendered useless if the Druids are to be allowed to dig up the place, no matter how carefully they may do it. They also add that Stonehenge is supported at public expense and therefore that no sect should be granted any privilege in it.

W. Boyd Dawkins, President of the Royal Archæological Institute, goes a step further. He says it is 'a matter of common knowledge that Stonehenge has nothing to do with Druids, and that they have therefore no more claim to burial there than in Westminster Abbey.'

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In the meanwhile the order stands, and all loyal British subjects are urged to cry out against it in the press as Parliament is not in session, the grouse season having opened.

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SCOLDING H. G. WELLS

THAT rash young hothead, Mr. H. G. Wells, has been rapped smartly over the knuckles and put in his place once for all by a thoroughly indignant reviewer in Moscow *Izvestia*. Putting Mr. Wells in his place is a pastime not unknown in English-speaking lands. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones did it — with unspeakable satisfaction — in a diatribe which he entitled *My Dear Wells*. Mr. Hilaire Belloc did it with such infuriating gusto that Mr. Wells, in the *Yale Review*, suggested hollowly that the really proper way to settle matters was to 'take him across my knee.' (This is not the way in which distinguished writers ordinarily refer to one another. Their feelings are another matter.) And no sooner was the *Outline of History* well launched on its highly profitable way than a mob of irritated professors burst shrilly out at the hapless Wells like so many hornets.

But fancy an ex-pillar of the Fabian Society assaulted by the Muscovite disciples of K. Marx! Can it be that that unkind Wellsian quip about the statues in Moscow and 'the shaving of Karl Marx' still tingles in the Bolshevist bosom?

At all events, *Izvestia's* critic has nothing but ill to say of bad, bad Mr. Wells and the new Russian edition of his boiled-down universe. The *Outline* is 'an unnecessary and harmful book.' It may have been a success among the light-headed British, but the serious-minded Bolshevik will not be deceived. There is too much about Popes and Princes and not a word about Robespierre. The French Revolution is slighted. The labor movement is not even mentioned. 'Generally speaking, his "history" is not in the least history — even a short, sketchy history — of a class-conscious human society.' Moreover, and most horrible of all, this objectionable volume is printed 'upon luxurious paper.' It is the last straw — because it is not straw paper. The scandalized Bolshevist writer has strength for but a few more heartfelt plaints: —

'If our private publishing houses print all kinds of popular books in search of profits, the Soviet printing establishments ought to consider not only monetary gains but also the interests of their readers. Nevertheless, the Moscow State Publishing House has just issued, upon luxurious paper, Wells's unnecessary and harmful book, the *Outline of History*. . . . We think that in the case of Wells's *Outline of History* the permission to print given by the Chief Office for Literature is very surprising. . . . Perhaps the permission was given with a view to publishing a curiosity. But then why the luxurious paper and the colossal output?'

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FAVORITE SCENTS

MR. T. C. BRIDGES, writing in the *Empire Review*, comments on the curious love of some animals for special odors: —

One of the mysteries of scent is that certain animals have such an extraordinary love for certain odors. A familiar example is the peculiar delight that a cat takes in valerian, but there are many other similar cases. Rats love oil of rhodium or aniseed, and lions seem to have a particular liking for oil of lavender. Stoats and weasels are attracted by musk, which keepers use for anointing their traps. Even fish seem to possess a sense of smell, for certain highly scented baits are used by fish-poachers, and are even advertised for the benefit of anglers.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Wladimir Ilijitsch Lenin, by Henri Guilbeaux. Berlin: Schmiede Verlag, 1924.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

LENIN'S name is writ large in the history of Europe, and his death may yet prove to have marked a turning-point, no only in the fortunes of Soviet Russia, but of Europe as a whole. He has not yet, however, — naturally enough perhaps, — found an adequate biographer. Several writers have attempted the task, but their efforts have all been partisan — the monograph by Zinoviev, published in 1920, for example — in one direction or the other, and all have been incomplete, lacking in any balanced appreciation of that change in Russian Soviet economic policy which he was able to inaugurate before he was prostrated by the disease which ultimately killed him. The fullest attempt at a biography, chronologically speaking, appeared not long since in Berlin — *Wladimir Ilijitsch Lenin,* by Henri Guilbeaux. It was from the pen of a French *défaitiste* writer who met Lenin in exile in Switzerland during the war, and took part in the Soviet Revolution. This gives it a certain title to notice.

Lenin's early career, set out in numerous newspaper obituaries, is here given in greater detail — how he early grasped the potentialities of the Marxist dogmas in promoting a revolutionary movement in Russia, which many agitators before him had inclined to give up as hopeless because of the enormous preponderance of the conservative peasant element, how he quickly came into and remained in conflict with the Social Revolutionaries. The personal estimate of the man is naturally of the hero-worshiping order, but it provides certain glimpses of a masterful personality of which more detached historians will be able to take advantage. Thus M. Guilbeaux dwells on Lenin's entire lack of sentimentality, of sentiment even, his absolutely merciless and rigid attitude where any divergence from his own dogmas was concerned.

This, however, is not to say that he was altogether blind to considerations of expediency. The great reproach — obscured a little since his death — of the ultra-orthodox Communist school against Lenin was on account of his so-called 'economic retreat,' his willingness to admit the principle of State capitalism and invite the coöperation of private enterprise from outside Russia. M. Guilbeaux clearly has in mind a Communist audience in the elaborate defense he offers for this apparent departure from the straight line of Marxism. It is a little hard to have to admit that the ferocious foe of 'opportunism' was himself 'opportunist,' and so he leans on the blessed words 'political realism.'

With the charge that Lenin accepted the aid of the German General Staff to get back to Russia, although aware of their motives in facilitating his return, M. Guilbeaux deals exhaustively and with authority. The defense, in effect, is that the German calculations would be falsified, but that they could be made use of to further Lenin's ulterior object. Another example of the extraordinarily acute penetration of the man, or, shall we say, his 'opportunism'?

Anthologie des écrivains morts à la guerre. Paris: Association des Écrivains Combattants. 1924.

[Eugène Montfort in *Le Figaro*]

IT was a pious undertaking on the part of the *Association des Écrivains Combattants* to carry out the idea of raising a monument to our dead. In a book the first volume of which has just appeared, and which is eventually to include four volumes of eight hundred pages, they have gathered together the most representative passages of four hundred and fifty French writers of whom the war has deprived us. 'All those whose name and whose work can be identified and collected are commemorated here. The poets and romancers, the dramatists and the journalists, the historians, the geographers, the philosophers, the exegetists, the archæologists, in short all those who had already done honor to French letters and those who had, alas, scarcely begun to follow in the footsteps of their elders — all are included here without distinction, no matter what their opinions or their beliefs.' So writes M. Léon Bérard in his introduction.

Each selection is preceded by biographical notes and a bibliography. Four years of hard work have been necessary for this great book. One of the chief collaborators is M. Thierry Sandre, whom it is only just to mention, although he discreetly effaces his own personality so that one finds his name nowhere except under the article on Paul-René Cousin.

Edmond Pilon had already devoted a section of his *Vingt-cinq ans de littérature* to the writers killed in the war. His text, which is marked by great beauty and exactness and adorned with numerous photographs, was very valuable and contained what was essential, but this anthology brings the authors themselves to live again before us. Here are their pages, here their voices speak. The first volume contains one hundred and eighteen names. From Alain Fournier to

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Charles Muller, from Michel Psichari to Adrien Bertrand, from Émile Nolly to Franconi, they rise again, give voice once more to the emotions that life stirred in them, and for a moment hearts that are now forever cold beat again.

The Child of Time, by W. S. J. London: H. and W. Brown, 1924.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THESE verses are the expression of a subtle and sensitive mind well read both in the bitterness and the humor of life. W. S. J. lacks the intensity which makes for great poetry. He is too critically detached to charge either his faith or his regrets with much creative power. Yet, correspondingly, he is never guilty of a secondhand phrase or sentiment. Every line is distinctively his own and embodies, occasionally even with a rather baffling complexity, a conscious turn of thought. Certain poems are musing memorials of the war, others are sympathetic studies of crippled or happy human relationships. Others, such as 'The Infinite Prolongation of Jones,' are sardonically humorous. . . . But beyond the dissections of his wit he has achieved also a philosophy, embodied in several of his longer poems, such as 'The Nightmare of God,' or 'The Religion of Humanity' with its comprehensive conclusion:—

All things, God has made them, but all things man must mend.
For God was the beginning, but man shall see the end.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

Unwritten History, by Cosmo Hamilton. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 18*s.*

[J. M. Bullock in the *Sunday Times*]

MR. COSMO HAMILTON may be said to have invented a new kind of autobiography, modeled largely on his method of writing fiction. He Boswellizes himself and his contemporaries. He has an innate sense of self-dramatization.

From the moment that a well-known writer asked him to dine at the Authors' Club, with the idea of choking him off, Mr. Hamilton decided to go gypsying in the adventure of literature and travel, and he has done it with great success, as novelist and dramatist, free-lance journalist and responsible editor, play-actor and publicist; telling us the inner history of many of the people he has met on the road, and never losing sight of the fact that the life of almost any man of to-day can be made as interesting as the careers of the men and women who masquerade in fiction.

Le Latin, by Marouzeau. Paris: Henri Didier, 1924. 7 francs.

[*Journal des Débats*]

STUDENTS, literary men, the learned and the fashionable, everyone in fact who is interested in Latin studies, will have the liveliest interest in reading the odd collection of lectures which M. Marouzeau publishes under the title, *Le Latin*. The author of these learned discourses places before the great public an erudition which is at once attractive and reliable. He explains the history of the Latin language not merely on linguistic grounds but with the aid of archæology and history. The most serious and picturesque questions are treated with an easy competence. How should Latin be pronounced? How were the works of Roman authors written and preserved for us? The pictures of ancient life that we get through these works, the origins of Latin, the popular and written language, are discussed. This valuable book, solid and practical as it is, deserves a careful reading. It teaches a great deal; it is an intelligent guide for classical studies.

Some Newly-Discovered Stanzas by John Milton. Edited by Hugh C. H. Candy. London: Nisbet. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

THE discovery of some youthful verses by Milton was first reported in the *Times Literary Supplement* early in 1922, and details were given in various issues of *Notes and Queries*. In *Some Newly-Discovered Stanzas by John Milton*, Mr. Hugh C. H. Candy reprints the whole of this material, with full notes and an argument in proof of their authorship. It will be remembered that the stanzas, of which one hundred and sixty-six survive out of one hundred and seventy-eight, are written in a little book containing illustrations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with explanatory quatrains in Latin and German. To these was added in manuscript a series of English stanzas, usually eight lines long in rhymed decasyllabled couplets. The language and the handwriting make it practically certain that Milton wrote them. They are of great interest as foreshadowing the Milton that was to be. Mr. Candy assigns them to 1623, when the poet was fifteen

BOOKS MENTIONED

ASHLEY, KENNETH. *Up Hill and Down Dale.* London: John Lane, 1924. 5*s.*

TRELLES, PROFESSOR CAMILO BARCIA. *La política exterior norte-americana de la post-guerra.* Valladolid, 1924.

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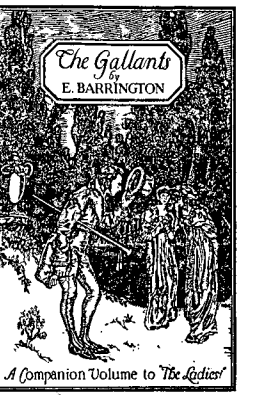

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Boston

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CONCERNING this October number of Scribner's Magazine, which is now current, there is much to be said.

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And "Radicalism in the United States," by Edwin W. Hullinger, will tell you much about the causes which make radicals and who they are.

* * *

Mr. La Follette would give Congress the power to "limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age" as well as to override the Supreme Court.

In fact, all the parties claim a share in the proposed Twentieth Amendment on Child Labor.

Should Congress receive this power?

Ernest J. Eberling discusses "Child Labor as a National Problem" in the October number of Scribner's Magazine, now on sale.

* * *

A year ago, on the day that the September Scribner's Magazine appeared with W. A. Starrett's "New Construction in an Ancient Empire" which discussed the earthquake and fire menace in Japan, the papers were filled with the accounts of the great Tokio disaster.

We are just as glad that Thomas A. Jaggar's "Predicting Earthquakes" in this October number of Scribner's Magazine did not have so much news quality.

Or we wouldn't be here to tell the tale.

But the question of an earthquake on the Atlantic Seaboard in the near future is much in the air and Dr. Jaggar tells what the possibilities are.

* * *

The delightful thing about Scribner's Magazine is that it has such a variety of material that you are almost certain to find something to interest you.

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Scribner's Magazine is not one of those periodicals in which you are "rather" interested.

Watch, for instance, the coming November number.

And look at the current October one.

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